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THE HON. MRS. OLIVER HOWARD.

1, Park Side, S.W.



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Country Life and Country Pursuits

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"THIRD TIME OVER."

THE covert shooting at the end of the season has a delight that is all its own. It is not the delight of the heavy bags, the perpetual banging and the red-hot barrels. It really is a delight that appeals more to the

Nature-loving than to the destruction-loving side of the sportsman. I do not hesitate to claim the love of Nature for the sportsman, for if that be lacking he is not worthy of his name. By the date of these later shoots, the leaf will be off the tree, so that the woodland things are no longer hidden by the veil of foliage. You then will see an innumerable small population, of which, in the earlier covert shoots, you had heard the voices only and the sounds. Of some you will have heard the sounds more often than the voices—the woodpeckers tapping at the trunks, the nuthatches at work on hazel nuts deftly fixed in the crevices. Now you have infinitely more opportunity of seeing the creatures, besides a deal more time in which to observe them. This hardly applies to a covert in which ground game is numerous, for the rabbits, in that case, will keep you always busy, or always on the alert, from the first moment of the beaters' entering the covert. For this very reason there is a pleasure of its own in a covert where the bunnies do not abound. You then have rather a unique opportunity of observing the ways of the other wild things. That the opportunity is unique, no doubt is your own fault. It always is possible for most of us who are country dwellers to get leave, if we would, to trespass in the coverts, to walk quietly down the rides, for the purpose of seeing the smaller deer. After the second time over, say, we should do little harm in the way of game disturbing—at least the very small number (one in a district would be a liberal allowance to suppose) that would care to devote an hour or two each week to this kind of observation would do no harm. And in point of fact no one, to use the comprehensive negative in a

liberal sense, cares to take this trouble. But with gun in hand it becomes different. You have to be on the alert, no doubt, for the shots coming to your gun, but the pheasant, when he reluctantly takes wing, is not a quiet person in his comings and goings. He advertises his movements with a whirr of wings even more emphatic than the skirt rustlings of a lady's dress with a silk foundation. Even without the hardly repressed clamour of the beaters, at his uprising he makes noise enough of his own to let you know when he is coming. So, while you have all the pleasurable excitement of expecting him, your eyes are free to observe all that goes on about you before the small people of the woodland have been alarmed by any near approach of the beaters. Provided you, for your own part, keep a perfect immobility, and do not exhibit yourself too forcibly by any eccentricities in the colour of your garb, the small people will go on with their antics heedless of your presence. The woods, you will very soon become aware, are alive with all the tit tribe, all most absurdly busy. You are quite likely to see five out of the six kinds of tit known in our island (the bearded species it is almost a certainty that you will not see) in the course of the brief waiting for one beat. These all are doing their acrobatic feats, hanging head downwards, as it seems, by preference, while they look out for their daily meal of insects in the branches. Generally a robin is engaged in hopping up and down from the ground to a small bough of the hazel copse, using this as his point of view from which he spies out the insects that he pecks off the leaves. Then there comes a scold of fearful wrath, and the first jay makes its appearance, with a quick rise above the tops of the hazel copse and as quick a dip down into its cover again. A small bachelor party of three bullfinches come along, from their work of pecking at the prematurely formed hazel buds. The tapping of the beaters' sticks grows audible, and presently the first shot rings out, probably from a gun back with the beaters firing at a jay. This first shot is the signal for commotion among the woodland people. The tits and the robin take no notice of it, and a wren still creeps about in the brambles as before. But a small flock of chaffinches comes forward, away from the sound, with a chirrup a blackbird flies, dashing, with a wonderful power of quick steering, between the stems of the copse wood, and three or four more of the jays appear for a moment above the line of the coverts as if blown upwards by the discharge of the gun. All this small comedy of feathered life you may punctuate as you please with the more dramatic moments of a pheasant scudding over the tops of the underwood, to be snapped at with a quick shot. As the perpetual tap of the beaters comes closer, the jays seem to awake to a keener sense of their peril. They dodge up, constantly nearer, but are down again before you can fire at them. Obviously, they rise over the covert just to prospect, then duck again when they find the coast is not clear. Their scoldings grow violent. Finally they break back, choosing the line of least peril, over the beaters' heads. Certainly they have the cunning of Satan. Had Satan not selected the serpent's form for his incarnation, he might well have chosen the form of a jay with its beautiful plumage, its more than human cunning, and its grey eye of indescribable malice. It is hard to believe in the fascinations of a Satan whose plumage was not beautiful. As the beaters come near, the blackbirds dash through more numerous, each with a flight and a chirrup repeating that of the last, coming straight for you, then, catching sight of the gun, turning abruptly off. What shooting we might have, if blackbirds were in the game list! What misses, too, for their flight makes a woodcock's way through the trees seem straight and simple in comparison. And what shooting of the beaters there would be, in trying to shoot the blackbird. No bird, not even the jay himself, for all his Satanic attributes, is so quick and artful at showing himself for an instant and then whipping down, like a snipe, out of sight. Imagine a snipe twisting and turning in and out of the stems of the underwood, instead of on the open moor or bog, and you have a likeness to the manoeuvres, beyond all other flights baffling, of the blackbird.

And now the last jay has gone back, the last pheasant and last blackbird have come forward, the beaters have brought out the last bramble bush, and the gathering of the modest number of the slain, easier to pick now than in earlier shoots, when the leaf was denser, is the final act of the drama. If the bag be not as heavy as it was in those earlier days, the later have their compensating delights, which the rightly constituted shooter must appreciate.

Our Portrait Illustrations

THE Honourable Mrs. Oliver Howard is a daughter of Russell Stephenson, Esq., and was married in 1900 to the second son of Lord Carlisle. Her husband is Assistant Private Secretary to Mr. Chamberlain, and her son is less than a year old. Elsewhere will be found a group representing the children of Mr. and Mrs. James Younger, well known in Scottish Society.



IN our first issue in 1902 it may be appropriate to take one retrospective glance at the preceding twelve months. Those who wish for a more detailed record will find it in the articles of our daily contemporaries, which for days, we might almost write weeks, past have furnished them with compendious summaries of the mining of the year, the finance of the year, the science of the year, the politics of the year, and so on. Our own aim is less ambitious. It is only to point out one or two events in it of which future historians are bound to take note. Firstly, the year will ever be remembered as that which witnessed the passing away of the greatest queen, one might almost say the greatest sovereign, who has occupied our throne since the time of Queen Elizabeth. The bells had scarcely rung out the nineteenth century before they began to toll for the funeral of her who was so closely associated with its triumphs that all the greatness of a hundred years is summed up in a phrase, "The Victorian Era." In no merely conventional sense do we say that she died full of years and full of honour. But regret, though it subdued the tone, took nothing of heartiness from the Vivat Rex that greeted her successor. The simple chronicle is that in 1901 Queen Victoria died and King Edward VII. reigned in her stead.

Every other event of the time pales before this in historical importance, and yet the opening year of the new century witnessed many other striking occurrences—the voyage of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, the foundation of the Australian Commonwealth, the murder of President McKinley, to single out three occurrences that historians will never be able to ignore. Beyond these so little of first-class importance occurred that the rest reads like a chronicle of small beer. A petty war dragged on in which England, slowly but surely becoming triumphant, experienced what it is to be usually successful and occasionally unfortunate; Parliament buzzed out its time without exciting much general interest, though a conflict of personalities in the Liberal camp lent a certain piquancy to outside politics; literature showed that our writers have become adept at turning out books that up to a certain point are able and clever, but there was no Tennyson discovered among the poets, no Thackeray among the novelists; the best that can be said of business is that it might have been worse in so bad a time. In fact, one might call it on the whole a year typical of respectable mediocrity, not touched anywhere with the flame of genius or marked by any very brilliant achievement.

The last days of the year were unfortunately marked by a sad reverse to British arms. It happened on Christmas Eve, when most of us at home were rejoicing and in hope that the soldiers in South Africa were receiving the parcels so generously sent out to them. At Twefontein a kopje had been occupied that appeared to be easily defensible. On one side was a gentle slope, out on which outposts were pushed, and on the other was an almost precipitous ascent. De Wet, with characteristic boldness and cunning, chose for his point of attack that which was most difficult, and where he would be least expected. Unfortunately his tactics succeeded. His men clambered up the bank and then rushed our camp. It is a reverse, however, that carries no shame with it. Taken by surprise in the moonlight, our men, nevertheless, fought like heroes. Lieutenant Harwich was killed while firing a pom-pom, Lieutenant Watney while heading a charge. On both sides the losses were heavy, but Lord Kitchener says the Boers "behaved well, leaving men to look after the wounded." Subsequent enquiry may, perhaps, discover if anyone was to blame for the surprise, but in the meantime it is well to remember that war is ever carried on with varying fortunes, and the Boers will not place too high a value on a chance success.

From time to time a question arises as to the prospect of our coal measures giving out, and it is inevitable that the bare

chance should give rise to anxiety. Some day perhaps science may find a substitute, but on that there are as yet no grounds for reckoning confidently. Meanwhile our whole industrial system is dependent on our coalmines. As soon as it was ascertained therefore that there was a reasonable cause for doubt, the Government became justified in appointing a Commission to enquire and report. Thirty years ago a similar Commission sat, with the late Duke of Argyll as its chairman, but the evidence then taken gives very little reassurance to those who were troubled last spring by certain remarks of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Balfour. Neither of these Ministers appeared to be satisfied that the alarm was a false one. But obviously, if the coalfields were within measurable distance of anything like exhaustion, it might be the duty of statesmen to take measures at least for limiting its exportation. We are glad to see that men of business figure somewhat more largely on the Commission than geological experts. Mr. W. L. Jackson is an excellent choice as chairman, and the great railway companies, the colliery owners, coal exporters, and so on are admirably represented, as well as men of science. They are, however, entering upon a great undertaking, and years must elapse before their conclusions are known.

Since our previous issue two men of artistic note have died—Sir Noel Paton at the patriarchal age of fourscore, Mr. Onslow Ford at the comparatively youthful age of fifty, when it might reasonably have been expected that much work still lay before him. Of late it has been rather the fashion to decry the school to which Sir Noel belonged as giving too much prominence to "the literary anecdote in paint." Whether in the portrayal of fairies in his young days or of religious scenes later, he ever looked out for the incident, and then strove with all care and diligence to render it on canvas, so that it has been said a magnifying glass was needed to see the full beauty of his work. His countrymen loved him best, perhaps, for "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," "The Bluidie Tryst," and other renderings of the traditional and ballad lore of Scotland. But others placed the Vigilante et Orate higher, though it is now generally conceded that he was lacking as a colourist. Besides being a painter he was a poet and sculptor, and, indeed, one of the most all-round cultivated Scots of his day. He was a friend of Millais, and might in 1891 have become President of the Royal Scottish Academy had he wished it.

An injustice has been done to Lord Selborne, unwittingly no doubt, by a contemporary. Much capital for Lord Goschen is made of the fact that, when water-tube boilers were introduced, he went down to Portsmouth and studied them in person, that he made a trip to Gibraltar in the *Terrible*, that he studied the defences there, that he was the first to go on board the *Belleisle* after she was shelled, and so on. Our contemporary proceeds: "We see no such energy and enthusiasm in Lord Selborne, though a far younger man." As a matter of fact Lord Selborne, although he is not an advertising man, does pay close and personal attention to practical matters connected with the Navy, and it is not long since he gained the hearts of Captain Denison and the officers of H.M.S. *Niobe*, during a trip from Malta to Portsmouth, in which he took the keenest interest in the Belleville boilers, which have done remarkably well in that splendid cruiser simply because she has an engineer who makes the best of them and never spares himself.

The observations quoted concerning Lord Selborne form a pendant to a note in which it is suggested, and something more, that the Treasury means to squeeze the Admiralty, that the present First Sea Lord is weak, that we know nothing of the administrative powers of his brethren, and that Lord Selborne is not to be relied on for strength. It is the fashion to disparage him because he did nothing very brilliant at school or college (he did get a first class in history, by the way, and there was nothing higher), and because he married Lord Salisbury's daughter. But, as a matter of fact, he is clear-headed, painstaking, and remarkably resolute of purpose, and if the Treasury try to "squeeze" him they will find him every whit as firm and stiff as Lord Goschen was.

Covent Garden Market during Christmas week, in this first year of the new century, showed the marked advance which has been made during late years in the quantity and variety of fruit and flowers offered for sale during the winter season. Tons of fruit and tons of flowers filled the market to overflowing. It is not so many years ago that oranges and apples were the only fruits which were within the means of the "backbone" of the buyers, the great middle class. This year grapes in abundance were to be seen, at prices which made them available for "the million," and these not the foreign white grapes, packed in sawdust and retaining a fine flavour of their environment, but "English hothouse grapes," as the scrolls placed above them testified. It

seems almost incredible that they could have been grown at the price. No doubt many of them were brought from the Channel Islands and would vie with the home produce as English grown. Bananas, tomatoes, and ripe green figs were there in profusion, while sacks of nuts of all kinds awaited the sound teeth and young digestion of the school boys and girls. The grapes were packed in small baskets or punnets, each containing two or three pounds, so that the buyer obtained them with the bloom still on as when newly packed by the grower. Flowers, sweet and fresh, were everywhere in abundance, roses, violets, and lilies of the valley—this last appears to be the favourite flower of the moment, and as much as £1 10s. was paid for a dozen bunches. These daintily decked the Christmas dinner-tables of the well-to-do, good old Christmas holly being discarded in their favour. "The old order changeth, giving place to new" is true as regards Christmas flowers and fruits, and there is no doubt that there is a great gain when choicer things become available for all.

We have seen somewhere a paragraph calling attention to the fact that whereas in England tradesmen's servants blackmail the householder for Christmas-boxes, the process is almost exactly reversed on the other side of the Atlantic. There the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, and all the rest of 'em make little presents of their wares to those who favour them with their custom. And this is certainly better than the dishonest practice of a money present from the tradesman to the cook or housekeeper, which is unfortunately prevalent in England. The writer once had a cook from the country who betrayed her astonishment at receiving a Christmas present of £5 from his butcher. Naturally he changed his "purveyor of meat" and kept his cook, and she kept the £5. As for the American custom, like most of the best things in America, including the neatest phrases, it is not a novelty but a survival. Thirty years ago, or even less, it was the practice in many parts of the country for respectable houses of business to present such Christmas-boxes (which were really boxes) to their customers; but no doubt they made it up in their long and very respectable bills.

An incident of last week illustrates for once in a very forcible manner the inconvenience of that co-operation amongst Pressmen of which as a rule the advantages far more than counterbalance the disadvantages. Somehow or other—perhaps because the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link—a most important passage in Lord Rosebery's great speech at Chesterfield was omitted. It ran thus: "I think then, sir, that any words which have been used by anyone, however old a friend of mine, to imply that barbarity has been exercised by anyone of English birth and English name were words which were unhappily employed (or applied)." The words in parentheses illustrate the occasional ambiguity of the art of shorthand. But the omitted sentence, or rather the omission of the sentence, served to mislead a good many writers of leading articles into a belief that Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were far nearer to harmony of opinion than is really the case.

Oxfordshire is the latest county to come into prominence as being possessed of villages in which charms are preferred to doctors for the remedy of diseases. For whooping-cough, for example, a spider is sewn into a piece of muslin and hung on the curtain rod, in the belief that when the spider dies the cough, and not the patient, will die also. In the same county, when a doctor ordered poultices on the chest for a sick child, the poultices were applied to an oak chest by the bedside. This reminds us of one of the ancient jests that soap plaster would draw a cork or, if necessary, a tenpenny nail. And perhaps, after all, if the doctor were a bad one, the spider in the bag or the poultice on the oak plank might do less harm than a wrong prescription, might, indeed, even be effectual on faith-healing principles. The real interest of the story, which is vouched for as literally true, is to be found in the fact that it is perfectly credible. For nothing is more astonishing than the primitive beliefs which survive in the remote parts of counties not far distant from London. Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Hertfordshire are counties to which this statement is certainly applicable, and doubtless they do not stand alone.

Hertfordshire is an excellent example of survival of folklore, and of incredible credulity. The folklore survivals are interesting. They include a demand for largesse after harvest, and the daily practice of taking a "beever" at eleven and four. But the legends are prodigious and absurd. In the city of Hertford, for example, is a street called the Port Way, and the writer once possessed a man of all work or handy-man (so called on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, like the laundresses in the Temple) who used to aver frequently that his father

remembered the days when the sea came up to Hertford at the Port Way. It is, perhaps, needless to add that this genius, when out of sorts, usually treated his complaints with home-made "remedies," of which perhaps the most successful in making him really ill was one which was described as "that there white oil." On one occasion he also applied ivy leaves to a sore foot with disastrous results. But perhaps, after all, this was not much more foolish than violet leaves as a cure for cancer, which has been spoken of highly in circles far above that of the handy-man.

In many parts of the three kingdoms, but in Ireland more especially, little or no care is taken of the roadside hedges, with the consequence that in many places they are a perfect nuisance to pedestrians using the side-walks. In the County Kildare lately a regular crusade is being made on owners of roadside fences for not having their hedges clipped and trees growing beside the road so trimmed as not to interfere with traffic. Some of the large owners in Kildare resent what they deem as an interference with their rights, contending that for shelter and ornament wayside hedges and timber are requisite. The general public must be considered, however. Another thing is that these rough, uncared fences are nothing but depôts for thistles and all sorts of ill weeds, which poison the adjoining fields. It should be made compulsory that all owners of ground adjoining the high road should be compelled to keep the hedges clipped and to destroy all weeds growing by the roadside.

Some time ago the Irish Game Protection Association sent out voting papers to all the members to obtain their views with regard to having the close time for partridges again altered. Two or three years ago a Bill was passed changing the opening day in Ireland from September 20th to September 1st, as in Great Britain, the object of this assimilation of dates being to prevent Irish birds being shot out of season for the English market. It sounded all right in theory, but in practice it has not worked so well. It is almost universally acknowledged that September 1st is too early for Ireland, but at the same time a very strong and influential minority object to a change again, holding that it looks foolish to be chopping and changing about, especially when such enormous trouble was taken to bring about the assimilation of dates.

A correspondent of the *Garden*, himself a famous and a practical gardener, calls attention to a possible source of beauty in our gardens, and in what, for lack of a better name, may be called our grounds, which we neglect habitually. His question is one which most of us would find it difficult to answer. Why do we persist in regarding fruit trees, plums, cherries, apples, pears, and the like, from the purely materialistic point of view? Why do we forget that hardly any flowering shrub or tree rivals them in beauty of blossom, and that, when the ripe fruit is upon them, they are still grateful to the eye? Why not have a great standard cherry, for example, standing on a lawn instead of a gloomy conifer or other useless tree? The only sensible answer to the question is so to act as to render its repetition impossible. Fortunately in many and many an old garden the division between the domain of vegetables and that of flowers is not observed strictly, and the result is that the apples and plums and pears do not blush unseen, but are appreciated in their full beauty.

Almost all the papers indulged in more or less elephantine jocosity concerning the "Ping-Pong" tournament at Queen's Hall, and it is certainly true that a remarkably trivial game, which, however, would not sound so absurd if it were called "Table Tennis," has received a great deal more notice than it deserves during the Christmas holidays. It has its infant prodigy, who all but defeated grown and highly-skilled men, and it has been suggested in oblivion of a good many juvenile prodigies of the past that a game in which a small boy can achieve such great success cannot possibly be a game of real skill. In truth it is a game of no dignity, is indeed worthy to be described in boyish language as a "footling" game. But we suspect that if the parents of boys and girls at home for the holidays in London were canvassed, it would be found to be the general opinion that the silly game has "filled a long-felt want." The holidays so far have been disgustingly wet, and "Ping-Pong" has passed away the time innocently if not profitably.

An occasional correspondent of a contemporary calls attention to a grievance of British traders which calls for immediate and strict investigation. The correspondent, who writes from Rood Lane, E.C., cites extracts from the letters of two customers or clients, both of whom suggest that, before doing business with Rood Lane, they have to consider that the British Vice-Consul of the place from which they write himself deals in the

very articles which it is proposed that they should buy elsewhere. One goes so far as to say that he is compelled to buy spirits and the like of the Vice-Consul, since otherwise his hotel would suffer prejudice. That may be correct or the reverse; the serious thing is that there should be so much as a possibility that a person in the position of a Vice-Consul should be suspected of using his office to his own indirect advantage. No such suspicion could arise if Vice-Consuls were prohibited from indulging in petty trade, and were adequately paid or selected from the non-trading class.

In spite of the inconvenience and suffering with which a heavy snowfall and prolonged lying of the snow are attended, they certainly are accompanied with some compensations. It is now many years since the snow lay long enough in most parts of England to send its moisture down to the small receptive roots of the big trees, and there is no doubt that unless the trees get some such help very shortly many of them will suffer, and many indeed are in a bad way already. Of course, the lack of water in the wells and springs is a very obvious want which a winter of heavy snowfall would supply better than any rainfall. A

recent writer to the *Spectator* mentioned that the water level in the chalk (he spoke of the Western chalk range, but probably the observation would hold more or less good of the similar formation elsewhere in England) had fallen thirty feet within the memory of record-taking man. Most of the old British camps lie far above the water level now, but it is likely that water was obtainable in them at the time of their use, even with the then simple methods of water getting.

Lovers of Loch Katrine have complained bitterly of the disappearance of Helen's Isle and the strip of shore strewn with pebbles of white granite known as the Silver Strand. Since Scott made his Lady of the Lake land there in her little skiff at the winding of Fitz James's horn in the sunset, romance and the glamour of other days have hung about the spot. The fact of the submerging of the island is brought home when it is known that a Glasgow firm of map-makers have been asked to omit marking it in their new maps. This request, one is glad to know, has been refused, as a small portion of the island and a tiny strip of the Silver Strand still remain above the waters of the "lonely lake."

COVERT SHOOTING AT WESTON PARK.

THE shooting here illustrated took place on the Earl of Bradford's Weston Park Estate, near Shifnal, in beautiful weather on November 20th. The Rev. G. Colville, Mr. Monckton, Mr. W. Alington, Colonel C. Slade, M.P., the Earl of Clarendon, the Marquess of Granby, the Hon. Osbert Molyneux (now the Earl of Sefton), and the Earl of Bradford were the guns, and the bag amounted to 582 pheasants, 40 hares, 13 rabbits, and 9 various, a total of 644 head. It would be difficult to picture a better day's sport for seven guns than this represents, even if the weather, which was perfection of its kind, and the scene of the shooting, which is exceptionally picturesque, had not lent to it every accessory which a fine winter day in England has to give.

First-class covert shooting may be delightful, even if, as happened during too many days in mid-December in the South, a gale and ragged clouds are its hourly accompaniments. But what everyone pictures to himself as the ideal weather for covert shooting is either a frost, with clear cold air, in which the pheasants' wings sound like the rattle of a slipping cable,



W. A. Rouch.

ACROSS THE PARK.

Copyright—"C.L."

or such a balmy morning as this was, with enough wind to put pace on the birds, a dappled sky, and the last touch of the night's hoar frost just vanishing from the grass at starting time.

The shooting took place entirely in Weston Park itself, a large area of 1,000 acres, part of which lies in the county of Shropshire, where the fine Hall stands, and part in the county of Staffordshire. On the north the park is bounded by the ancient Watling Street, by the side of which run the three coverts which are first shot. The day is practically one of home coverts only, but the park is so extensive, and so well-wooded, that the ground gone over only covered the northern half of the enclosure. In this lies Weston Hall itself, a very fine Palladian building in the more cheerful English style, with long flat terraces and lawns. The park lies south of the house, and is one of the most beautiful in the West Midlands. The ground is undulating and richly wooded, both with plantations and isolated park timber. In it are several sheets of water, varying from ponds to considerable lakes, one of which, the Park Pool, is on the west, and another, Temple Pool, lies in the centre of Cottage Wood. There is another small pool at the north of this wood, into



W. A. Rouch.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

Copyright—"C.L."

which many of the high pheasants fell when shot, the pond lying behind the guns. As the water in this pond was very low, the retriever Nep who brought them out soon had his legs and flanks covered with mud. This realistic little scene suggests a reminiscence of Mr. F. C. Gould's humorous caricature of the Colonial Secretary bringing the Khaki pheasant as a present to the Prime Minister after the last general election. But to get back to the park. It is from a shooting point of view a very good example of how a park may be made the centre of estate shooting, and yet not be too formal in the arrangement of its coverts. It is always as well that the outer circle should be bounded by plantations, as the birds can then feed outside, yet have perfect shelter inside the park. It is also equally necessary that, unless these outside coverts are very deep, as they are at Holkham, and at Nuneham Park in Oxfordshire, there should be some large inner wood as a general centre and home for the birds.

This is afforded at Weston by Cowley Wood, which runs into the park for nearly one-third of its diameter, and has for continuation a mass of bracken and rough ground stretching nearly to the other side. In the south park are some half-dozen small coverts, including Tong Knoll, whence a fine view over the whole surrounding landscape is to be had, giving a good idea of the scenery of this part of Staffordshire. In the northern portion, near the Hall, Cottage Wood and the other adjacent coverts round Temple Pool are the headquarters of the birds, with five other coverts round the outer line of park. The first



W. A. Rouch

COTTAGE WOOD RISE.

Copyright—"C. L."

three of these are the "wall plantations," which may be described as 1, 2, and 3. These are driven eastward, the birds from the first passing to the second, and from the second

to the third, whence the beat is so managed that the birds shall cross to Dog Kennel Wood on the east side. This is then driven in towards Cottage Wood in the centre. Here the birds cross the park, giving the high open shots seen in several of the photographs. There are plenty of foxes as well as pheasants at Weston. Who does not recall the feeling, half of amusement, half of curiosity, with which everyone watches



W. A. Rouch.

THE KHAKI PHEASANT.

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Reynard as he trots past, perfectly at his ease, when shooting is going on, and the concurrent anxiety when he will gallop on to the end of the covert to which all the birds have run, and by fidgeting about put up all at once a cloud of pheasants, which everyone was hoping would be sent over scientifically in detachments to be shot with credit and satisfaction? A fox which got into the covert into which all the birds are driven throughout a whole morning's shooting in Norfolk is credited with having diminished the bag by nearly one-third. At Weston Reynard behaved better.

As might be expected, the best stands of the day were those at Cottage Wood and Newport plantation, the fifth and sixth, or closing beats of the day. Cottage Wood is driven out at the south corner towards the north-west end of Newport plantation. This again is driven inwards, and westwards towards the very large covert of Cowley Wood on the other side of the park. Birds crossing from the first to the second know that they have



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A LOW BIRD.

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to make a long flight, and are inclined both to get up high and to fly fast, giving very sporting shots. But it is not an easy matter on ground like this, where, though there are steep knolls and brows, the major part is flat, to get birds to fly as high as is desirable. At the Cottage Wood rise many of the birds come from fairly high ground, going over as shown in the picture in which Lord Clarendon's loader is seen in difficulties with a tight cart-ridge. His attitude shows that we occasionally stand on one leg without knowing it. That a percentage of birds come out low shots, often most difficult to kill, but most promising if missed, would be guessed from the lie of the ground. Such a low bird is seen just about to be taken by Mr. Monckton. Note how the loader and keeper both have to duck while the gun swings to take it after it is clear



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WELL KILLED.

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ing good shooting this year. The bags at Welbeck and on Lord Carnarvon's Nottinghamshire estates have been first-rate. Lord

Savile at Rufford Abbey has also had some exceptionally good days. If the reports are correct, the partridge shooting at Welbeck now bids fair to rival that in Norfolk, or at Alresford. Nor is there any reason why on these great estates, where there is a suitable fairly light soil, there should not be as large a head of partridges as in the South. Partridges are by no means hampered by a more northern climate. In parts of the Scotch lowlands they do as well as anywhere in England, and it is one of the common-places of natural history that in Russia the partridge has followed cultivation very far north, and is killed in great numbers in the almost hyperborean climate of the north-east. At Weston there is, as a rule, exceptionally good partridge shooting over the whole estate. This year it was not without a share in the troubles which overtook very many of the southern partridge manors, probably caused by want of insect food. On the gravelly land, usually the best partridge ground, there was great mortality among birds, but on the stronger land on the

north, south, and east of the property they were abundant. This shows how impossible it is to generalise about partridges.



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AN OUTSIDE BEAT.

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of the line. Lord Granby killing birds only just topping the oaks in front makes the centre of a very typical scene in park shooting. An outside beat shows Lord Bradford and Mr. Monckton walking on the extreme right of the beaters, who are just emerging from one of the smaller plantations.

Another photograph, taken early in the day, is a series of excellent portraits of host and guests walking across the park. Those in front, reading from right to left, are the Earl of Bradford, the Earl of Clarendon, the Marquess of Granby, and the Hon. Osbert Molyneux (now the Earl of Sefton). The whole series represents a typical Midland day of the best class, and it embodies also an eminently representative group of English sportsmen.

Speaking generally, the Midlands have more than kept up their reputation for afford-



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THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY.

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Nine people out of ten who have had practical experience would choose the lighter soil as likely to be more prolific, given that there was a proper water supply. Wild pheasants, which did so well in most places this year, were not a success at Weston, particularly on the high ground, and the same disappointment was met with by the keepers artificially rearing birds on these parts of the estate. The loss occurred when the weather changed suddenly in the month of July from great heat to sudden cold. On all the low-lying ground, excellent results were obtained both with wild and tame birds. On the whole, the report is that on the property the shooting of the year must be reckoned below the average. The rabbits have been killed off in the coverts, which accounts for the few totalled in the bag.



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THE GUNS.

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Reading from left to right the guns are: The Rev. G. Colville, Mr. Monckton, Mr. W. Alington, Colonel C. Slade, M.P., the Earl of Clarendon, the Marquess of Granby, and the Earl of Bradford.

SARAH'S SETTLEMENT.

BY KATE HUGHES.

CLATTERBROOK consists of some twenty or thirty houses, sheltered on the east by a high round hill, and on the west by a ridge of downs. On the north it touches the outskirts of the village of Kaysbury, and to the south lies a long deep valley. All through the distance the little brook from which the hamlet takes its name is to be seen, winding in and out, sometimes turning a mill, sometimes filling a sheep-wash, and sometimes flowing through cool retreats, where the reeds and grasses hang so thickly over it that the sunbeams have scarce room to come through them to flicker on its surface; where the swallow comes with swift wing that never tires, in search of the tiny gnats that dance over it; where, too, the dragon-fly loves to linger, hovering over with rustling, gauzy, glittering wings, and the "water-hen so soon affrighted" runs in with soft plash; while the ducks come over the misty, dewy meadows, in the summer evenings to fish about on its banks among the rushes, and wade in till the water laps against their downy white breasts, to dip their muddy bills in its clear water—retreats that are so secluded and far from the busy haunts of men that Sabina fair herself might yet be lingering there. Clatterbrook differs in no respect from fifty other such hamlets, yet it stands on historic ground, for on the hill just above stand the grey walls, the ruined towers and keep of the old castle and fortress of Kaysbury. Briton, Roman, Saxon, and Norman have each in turn held their sway and fought their battles there, and, later, a king was a prisoner there. It looks such a "haunt of ancient peace" now that it is difficult to imagine that the lone valley and peaceful downs beyond have ever rung to the sound of shot and shell, that the little brook in its time has heard the groans of wounded and dying.

But the country people do not concern themselves with these associations; their researches into the past never go farther back than two or three generations, to find out a link between one family and another, to "piece out," as they call it, a relationship.

Just where the stream widens across the road stands the cottage of Sarah Gale, and part of the little bridge is built against its wall. An elderly woman was Sarah, but at the time my story begins she was still included in the "courting couples" of Clatterbrook, though her courtship had lasted so long that people had quite ceased to talk about it. She and Isaac Long had "kept company" with each other longer than anyone could keep count of. Every evening he came to see her punctually at seven o'clock; in fact, so punctual was he that people were in the habit of putting their clocks right when they saw him pass, and it was a very common remark, "My clock can't be fur out, fur I set he by Ike Long."

Twice a week he brought Sarah a bunch of flowers from his garden, that was his only offering, though she always washed his clothes and mended them.

One evening Sarah Gale was sitting at needlework expecting him, but seven had struck and the clock's hand had travelled round to a quarter-past, and still he had not come. She was a tidy-looking, elderly woman, with smooth, dark grey hair, quick brown eyes, and a sharp-featured face. The little room looked

very clean and comfortable, with its window full of flowers, its nicely swept hearth and well-scrubbed boards. On the wide mantelpiece stood Isaac's last bouquet, a tightly-packed bunch of marigolds, rosemary, and monthly roses. Sarah raised her eyes from her sewing to the clock once or twice in some surprise as the time passed on, which would have been greater if she had known that he was leaning on the rail of the bridge outside, apparently making up his mind about something. A stern-looking old man was he, with light blue eyes under bushy, grizzled eyebrows, and a big nose. His figure was tall and loose-jointed, and he walked with a shambling gait.

He was not very popular in the neighbourhood, having the reputation of being very stingy. At last his heavy foot sounded on the flags outside the cottage, and he came in. "Evenen, Sarrow," he observed, pulling forward the big wooden arm-chair and seating himself awkwardly in it. "Evenen, Ike," she answered, placidly, looking up for a moment, then going on with her sewing. It was a salutation which never varied; then Isaac would stay for a while discussing what had happened during the day, and after that, with another "Evenen," would take his departure. The time had been when they had liked to stroll through the long green meadow by the brook to pick meadow-sweet and lady's-smock, to watch the red and gold of the sunset die out of the west, and the swallows go home as the evening star grew bright; but that was years ago, before Isaac had got his touch of "rhumatiz." Since then he had preferred a seat by the fire. They had got so settled in their separate ways, that when Isaac's mother died, who had always lived with him and objected to his marrying, they made no change.

A long pause ensued after Isaac's entrance, so long that Sarah looked up in a little surprise. "Good weather to finish harvest," she then observed.

"Yes," he answered, and again relapsed into silence, save for sundry clucks and clearings of the throat.

"Sarrow," he presently jerked out, "how long hev we kep company?"

Sarah was somewhat startled at this question, it was so long since the subject had been mentioned. "Dear me," she replied, a little flurried, "I should hev to think afore I could say, it's so long. Let me see, we first tooked up with one another the year afore my brother John married—that'll be twenty-nine year come Michaelmas—it'll be prid near thirty year."

"T'es a long time, eddn't it?"

"Sure, yes it be."

"Don't you think it be long 'nough?"

Sarah cast her eyes down. It flashed through her mind that Isaac was going to suggest getting married. This did not meet with her views, as long ago she had come to the secret conviction that "Isaac did very well as he was, but he'd be ter'ble fidgety and worriting about a house." She paused for a moment, seeking for a pleasant mode of expressing her opinion. There was a sound of hasty feet crossing the bare floor, and when she looked up Isaac was gone. She sat still in utter amazement, quite unable to fathom this behaviour, till at last she came to the conclusion that he must be "lost in his mind."

At last she rose and put on her bonnet with decision. "I'll go and ask Mrs. Drover if she knows anything." Mrs. Drover lived in a cottage a little way up the hill. She was standing at her door when Sarah got there.

"Mrs. Drover," said Sarah, bursting at once into her subject, "do you know if there's aught the matter with Isaac?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Why, he acted so queer this evenin', it med me feel quite dubersome about him."

"What did he do then?" asked Mrs. Drover, with a good deal of curiosity.

"Why, when he fust come in he didn't seem to find spache fur nothen; then he ups and asties how long we'd a kep' company; then when I tells 'en, he just says, 'Don't you think it be long 'nough?' he says, and wi' that he went out of the door like a scalded cat!"

"Ha!" ejaculated Mrs. Drover, darkly, "I can see which way that cat jumped; he's jacked you up, Sarrow, that's what he've a done."

"Jacked me up!" echoed Sarah, indignantly. "After thirty year, that's a likely story indeed; what should he do that for?"

"Do you mean to say you han't heard nothen about what he've been up to lately?"

"Nare word!"

"Well, I med sure some un ud hev made it their business to ell you."

"What on earth be it?" asked Sarah, anxiously.

"Wull, then, it be common talk as he be after Widder White."

"Widder White!" ejaculated Sarah.

"Yes, you knows as her husband left her a little bit o' money; that's what he's after, sure 'nough, fur you knows how fond he be o' money."

"How long hev this been gwine on?"

"Since just afore harvest."

"Then I s'pose he've been wivverin' between her an' me, like a donkey betwixt two bundles o' hay, as the sayin' is."

Sarah was silent for a few moments taking these new ideas in, then her wrath rose.

"Well, this yere's a pretty turn out!" she cried. "After keepon company with me fur thirty year, an' me washen him and menden him all the time, to jack me up fur a *widder*!" with withering contempt on the last word. "But I'll widder him! I never heerd nothen so awdacious. I'll hev the law of him as sure as my name's Sarrow Gale."

Mrs. Drover proved to be right, for the next day the widow gave out her intended marriage to Isaac Long. After that Clatterbrook settled into the peaceful enjoyment of a nine days' wonder; but those people who lived near Sarah only dared speak of it with bated breath, for she kept a sharp look-out, and if she saw two neighbours draw together, out she would dart. "Don't you get a scandalisin' me!" she would cry, using the local term for talking scandal of a person. Everyone took a malicious pleasure in telling Isaac of all the breach of promise cases they had ever known of and the "terrible" damages which were sometimes given. "Twun't be no manner o' use fur you to try and get out o' it, Ike," they would assure him, "fur every man, 'oman, and child in Clatterbrook ud be able to bear witness you was carten Sarrow."

Sarah stuck to her threat, and was understood to have consulted a lawyer. At last Isaac got so nervous that he went to a friend, an old shoemaker living in the lane, and asked him to go on a mission to Sarah and get her to compromise matters.

"I'd goo to a matter o' twenty pound to get out o' it, though I can bad afford it," he added, with a groan; "but goo into court I couldn't, and hev they liwyers pullen out my feathers. They'd scandalise me so as I'd never hold up my head agen! And if you don't goo, they think nothen o' putten it at hundreds o' pounds, so I be told!"

"Vurry well," replied Henry, who prided himself on being something of a diplomatist. "I'll goo, sure 'nough."

"And, look yere, don't goo at it too hasty, but sort o' sidle up to it like."

"No, no, I wun't be too hasty. I'll goo at it as feelen and cautious as though I was bargenen fur a pig. Fust I'll say wull she take ten pound to settle, then she'll up and say fifty wouldn't content her. Wi' that I'll take up my hat and stick as though I be gwine. Then she'll call me back and say, 'Wull, p'raps farty, then.' 'D'ye think my friend and me be lards wi' sacks o' gold?' I'll say—"

"Yes, that'll do," said Isaac, cutting him short, "and the sooner you goos the better."

"Wull, you might have heerd me out," said Henry, rather offended. "And I bain't a-gwine till I've a-changed my clothes, fur when I be in my old clothes I be as meek as Moses, but when I've a-got on my black suit what I haed for my uncle's funeyral, I feels that high as the Queen herself couldn't out me!"

When he had attired himself, they set out, and Isaac escorted him to Sarah's door. He tapped at it in some trepidation, in spite of his best clothes. Sarah appeared and asked his errand.

"A word wi' you," he answered, so mysteriously that she ushered him in with some surprise. Henry found his ideas were beginning to fail him. He did not know how to broach the subject; now that he was face to face with Sarah it seemed far more difficult than he had imagined.

He ended by blurting out, "How much'll you take to settle wi' Ike?"

Sarah tossed her head angrily. "Take to settle? I wun't take nothen. I'll hev him up afore the liwyers—they'll settle him!"

"Wull, then, will you take twenty pound?" asked Henry, desperately.

Sarah paused, a good deal impressed, for it was a large sum to her.

"Ike must be jolly well scared to offer that, and him so fond o' money. Wull, p'raps 'twould spare me trouble, though I could 'a' stood out fur more. Yes," with a snort, and again tossing her head, "I'll settle fur that."

After a little further conversation Henry took his leave. Outside he stumbled on Isaac. "I've settled it!" said he, triumphantly.

"So I heerd!" grumbled Isaac. "I tho't you was gwine at it so clever and cautious—why, you went at it like a bull at a gate! I dessey she'd hev took much less if you'd—"

"Vurry well, then," said Henry, huffily. "Next time you wants a thing done, don't come to me to do it, that's all I've got to say," and he walked off with dignity. He was very indignant, and kept muttering to himself, "There! That's all the thanks you gets fur doen anythin' fur anybody else. I be nothen but a fool fur my pains to ever do anythin' for Ike. What could ye expect from he?" He was so provoked that he kept bursting out all that evening, "The next time Ike wants anythin' done fur him he may holler fur me, that's all I've got to say! . . . Sarrow was quite right to sarve 'un out. A nice 'oman be Sarrow, and a deal too good fur he. I wish I hadn't a-interfered now, and I wouldn't a-done it only I thot I'd better. I allus can do things better nor anyone else. . . . I likes a 'oman with sperrit, that I do! And I minds Sarrow when there wunt a gal anywhere wi' a blacker eye nor a redder cheek; she and me was as thick as thieves them days afore Ike come along. Why,"—a brilliant idea striking him and a fresh grievance against Isaac rising in his mind—"if it hadn't a ben fur Ike she and me belike med hev took up wi' one 'nother, and I wouldn't hev haed to do fur myself all these years!"

But when Isaac came to him with the request that he would hand over the money to Sarah, he accepted the commission, though coldly, for he thought, "I just wants to explain a thing or two to Sarrow."

Sarah had also an explanation to make when she had taken the money. "Now look here, Henery, you understands I don't want his money, not I! I've got money o' my own led by. What I wants be to sarve he out fur treaten me so bad."

"And quite right too," said Henry, emphatically.

Sarah looked rather surprised at this expression of opinion from Isaac's ambassador, but Henry went on.

"I've summat as I wants to say. I've a thot it over many a time since I was here t'other day, and I'm sorry I ever undertook to come here on Ike's arrant, and I hopes you wun't bear me no gridge fur doen it."

"Vurry well, I wun't," replied Sarah; but still Henry seemed in no hurry to depart. He stood fumbling with the door handle.

"I s'pose you finds it a bit dull now evenens without no company?" he enquired, at length.

"I dunno 'bout that," answered Sarah, stiffly.

"Wull, if ar neighbour was to come and see you now and agen I s'pose you'd think 'un in the way?"

"Belike I might and belike I mighten," replied Sarah.

Henry apparently took this encouragingly, for a few nights after he appeared with a large bunch of purple and crimson sweet peas.

"I thot belike you'd like a few paes, Sarrow," he remarked; "mine hev come beautiful and dark this year."

Sarah accepted them and stuck them in a jam pot, and Henry departed. After that she saw him constantly. He was always looking over his hedge when she passed his cottage on her way to the town or in strolling up the road in the evening. Once he brought her a dish of very large potatoes, another time a pumpkin.

"The fact be, Sarrow," he confided at last, "I finds it ter'ble dull at home, ter'ble dull! What a man wants, Sarrow, is comp'ny."

"Wull, you done verrry well wi'out it a good many year," replied Sarah.

She did not sit placidly working, as she used to do when Isaac came, but sat bolt upright in her chair with her arms folded when Henry called.

"Tes funny the things as comes into anybody's head when they've a mind to think wi'," he resumed. "I've took a idear that if it hadn't been fur Ike all they years ago, you an' me med hev took up wi' one 'nother."

"You med hev been the King o' England, but you bain't!" retorted Sarah.

"Ah! but when you've got a idear in your head you can't get it out again, no more nor a cork out o' a bottle when you've druv it in. And I've a haed another idear, too, and that be that you and me med so well take up wi' one another now! What do you say, Sarrow?"

"I dunno," said Sarah.

"Yes, the day be fixed fur Ike, and I thinks 'twould be a proper good joke if you got married afore 'un. Harvest be over, I dunno o' a better time fur a man to get married. I've got my house in good arder wi' a bit o' whitewash and papered the settin'-room. My garden's a proper show wi' China oysters, and my pig's callen out to be killed. 'T'es all ready fur you to step into, Sarrow; you've only to say the word!"

"Then I sez it," replied Sarah, after a few moments' reflection.

Yellow leaves were drifting down on the church path one morning a little time a'ter, the old grey tower stood out against a brilliantly blue sky. A little party, headed by Isaac, with Mrs. White on his arm, came up the church steps. As they reached the church door Henry and Sarah came out of it, also arm-in-arm. Henry's face was beaming.

"Wull, Ike," he said, pleasantly, "we've got the start o' you!"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Isaac, looking very cross and bewildered.

"Why, that Sarrow and me've just been and got parson to settle us!"

THE CAMEL IN AFRICA.—II.

THE pending French operations in Algeria lend a peculiar interest at the present moment to the possibilities of the camel as a war steed. We have already seen something of the uses of the animal in peace, for the transport of wives and other chattels of the Oriental, its skin used for tent covers or clothing, its flesh for meat, its milk for human consumption, or for the dieting of the best young horses—the camel is to the Arab of the Sahara what the reindeer is to the Lapp of the plains. If anything, it is even more.

But the camel has his sterner uses, for purposes of war, and if modern generals have been slow to revive so useful a factor in conflicts on African soil, it is probable that they will not long continue to ignore the camel's claims on the close attention of the transport department. More particularly, in view of the remarkable photographs by M. Frechon, am I concerned with the camel as a saddle animal, and it must be remembered that the saddle camel is quite a different breed from the commoner baggage kind. As well might one try to do the Lady's Mile gracefully on a Clydesdale as jog over the hot sands on a *jemeel*. It is the *mehori*, the high-bred racing camel, which lends itself to swift riding, with its deep chest, good shoulders, and strong hind-quarters.

Camels were common enough in ancient and mediæval warfare, from the time of primitive battlefields on which David routed the Amalekites to the eleventh century fight for Sicily, but the first modern general to employ the camel was Napoleon. From

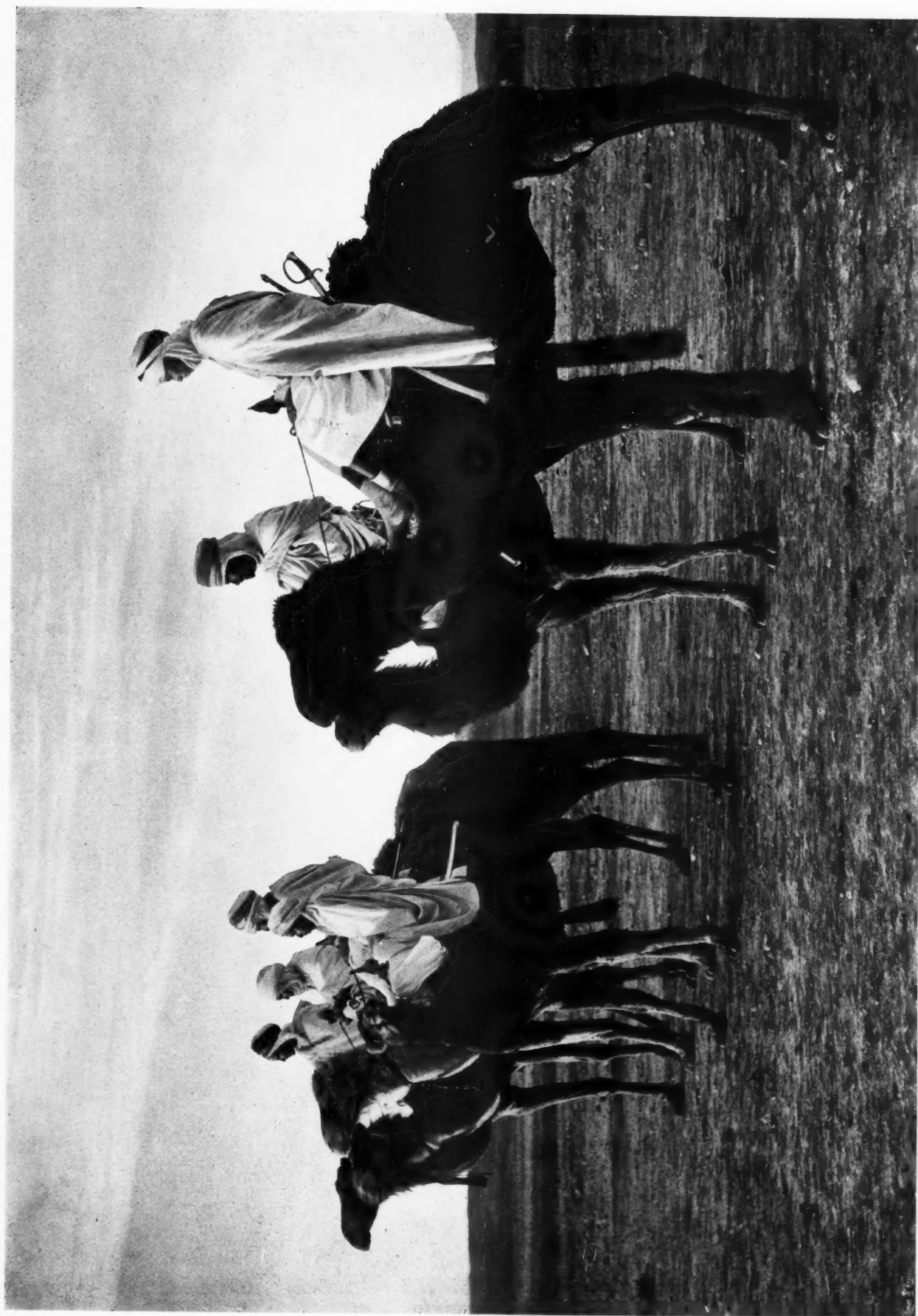
his flying camel columns Napier borrowed the idea of this most serviceable revival, and the work done by his Camel Corps in Sind can scarcely be overrated. Again, the Scots Greys had a Camel Corps in 1885, each beast carrying two men and their kit. Earlier even than that, the Gordon Highlanders had employed a Camel Corps in the Mutiny, and in that case each camel carried a European and a native. The question of the most useful arm for men mounted on camels has often been discussed, and, if we may judge from the great height of the beast, it would seem imperative to accord the preference to some form of lance, the sword being, in that elevated position, of little use. The French authorities in Algeria have a plan of combining camels and horses in their punitive expeditions, the

horses being led until the enemy is in sight, when the men are transferred to them, and can thus charge the foe on practically fresh mounts. Nearly all the camels in military employ in the Barbary States are, like the horses, geldings.

The qualifications of the camel, already important in times of peace, make themselves still more emphatically felt under the stress of war. The camel is no fair-weather friend. It can go for some days without water. It can move swiftly, and with rare intervals of rest, over the hot sand. When the burning winds, so distressing to every other living creature, blow up from the desert, the camel merely closes eyes and nostrils, and placidly moves on. The roughest fare will satisfy it, such repulsive vegetables as prickly pear and oleander, tamarix, ephedra, salsola, and artemisia being wholly to its taste.



RIDING CAMELS FROM THE FAR SOUTH.



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THE CAMEL IN AFRICA: ARABS VOLUNTEERING FOR FRENCH SERVICE.

M. Emil Frechon

Some of the Touaregs here photographed are splendid creatures ideally mounted. That we get anything like the full amount of labour out of our army camels, either transport or saddle, few would, perhaps, assert, but they can hardly realise how far the results of our system fall short of the possibilities until they have seen Algerian irregular troops, the real wild sons of the desert, who ride into Biskra (simply because, like a more northern race, they love a fight for its own sake and in any cause), and throw their fortunes in with the conqueror. Food transport is, of course, the chief use of the camel in future warfare. The elephant carries more, but he is also more costly, more unwieldy to move about, more accessible to the bullets of the enemy. The donkey is hard as nails, but too small. The mule is, perhaps, the finest transport animal of all, particularly in rocky country, and there, indeed, the camel is almost useless. Wet weather, too, making the ground slippery, is fatal to him, but he might easily be used in only dry belts, and he is not meant for transport in Scandinavia any more than the reindeer is employed in Kordofan. Morally, I have already ventured on a somewhat low estimate. The fact is the poor brute has been maltreated through such long ages as to have lost the faculty of appreciating kindness. No Arab would ever dream of leaving his camels without hobbling them, and the small and sober donkey, which, unlike the prouder horse, will always fraternise with dromedaries, is usually left in charge. Talking of dromedaries, let an old misconception be put right. The term has nothing to do with the presence of one or two humps, but should be applied solely, on its Greek face-value, to fast running camels. The true



M. Emil Frechon.

FRATERNISING.

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distinction lies between the two-humped Bactrian, of Central Asia, and the one-humped Arabian, and it is of course the latter which has been introduced into Northern Africa. A curious fact has been alleged of the crossing of these two species by Asiatics, and that is that when the mother is an Arabian, the resulting progeny is a valuable beast; if, on the other hand, the mother be a Bactrian, the young animal might as well be drowned for all the use it is likely to be. A record of 15 miles in eleven hours has been established by saddle camels, and eight or nine miles an hour may be regarded as an only average performance for a good beast. Such a camel, however, destined for forced marches, should not carry more than 250lb., rider and all, as against the 4cwt. or 5cwt. cheerfully borne by the commoner baggage animal. As another record, Napier once took his camels 140 miles in twenty-four hours.

In the photograph here given of the Biskra race for camels, it will be noticed that most of the feet are off the ground, and also that both legs on the same side move together, imparting that curious sensation of sea-sickness so distressing to the unaccustomed.

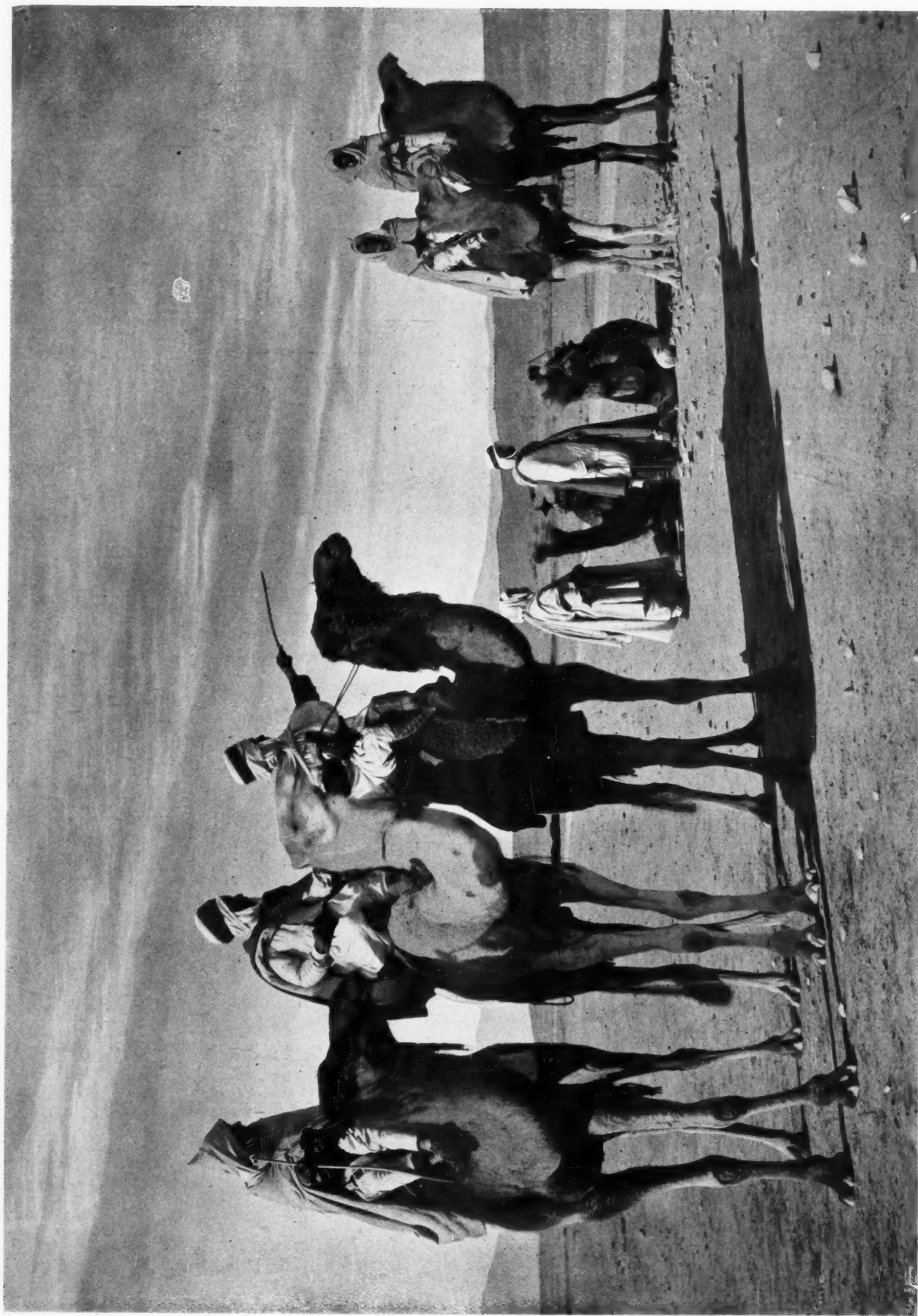
By the way, the Egyptian camels used in the Suakin Field Force were by no means so satisfactory as those brought from India, and on that occasion, as before and since, the authorities learnt the value of leaving all veterinary work in the hands of natives. The white man does not understand the camel. He is not in sympathy with it, and is, consequently, quite unfit to attend to its wants or to control its movements. No one looking on



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WAITING TO BE LOADED.

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THE CAMEL IN AFRICA: SCOUTS ON THEIR MÉHORI.

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these pictures of the Touaregs in the saddle and comparing them with the grotesque antics of camel-mounted Tommy Atkins, as I have seen him in Egypt, would feel inclined to deny this. I am not blaming Thomas for his indifferent joy on so strange a mount; I merely state the fact that he looks about as happy as a rule as some victim rolling off to execution in the tumbrel.

As I have already said, these *méhori* are as different from the baggage camel as Persimmon from the beast harnessed to the passing dust-cart. The French, with a patriotic passion for naturalising Arab words, call

the men who bestride them *méhovistes*, a hybrid that appears to me frankly detestable, and that is given here only for general information. The men, like their beasts, are of a higher type than the poor clod-brained drudges who tramp beside pack camels. In them is the true fire of the desert, and, with the cry of "Jehad!" ringing in their ears, they



M. Emil Frechon.

MÉHORI BELONGING TO M. FOUREDÜ.

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might prove terrible up to the very mouth of modern cannon.

One other value of the camel in war lies in its protective colouring. Here, particularly in the yellow type, is the true khaki of Nature's dyeing, and I have seen a string of camels trudging quite slowly against a background of sand-hills, and not more than 200yds. distant, which would have been a worthy mark for even a Queen's Prizeman, so confusing was their harmony with their surroundings.

More than one allusion has been made in these articles to the general obtuseness of the camel, and in truth a less sensitive beast could hardly be named. Still, even camel apathy has its limits, and I cannot agree with Mr. Budgett Meakin, the celebrated writer on Morocco, when he expresses surprise that a young camel and its mother, hobbled together (camels are never left without hobbling), should have "executed a very creditable

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M. Emil Frechon.

A CAMEL RACE AT BISKRA.

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caper" when suddenly confronted with the apparition of Mr. Meakin on his bicycle. The sight of so unchaste an apparatus amid such respectable, such hallowed old-world surroundings, might well have sufficed to send the camels capering to *Jehannam*.

F. G. AFLALO.

MINOR RURAL . . INDUSTRIES.

ON the 23rd of February the Countess of Warwick has arranged to have a great conference at Warwick Castle of those engaged in furthering and developing minor industries in rural districts. The idea is admirable, and its realisation cannot fail to make for the great prosperity of the poorer classes of the country. It seems to us that a practical result is more likely to come from work in this direction than from any attempt to create garden cities or induce the owners of great factories to move landward. Some few might accede, but the vast majority of industrial concerns derive such great advantage from the neighbourhood of great populations, that it would require very strong motives indeed to make them shift. The workers, too, will soon find objections to the proposed arrangement. It is a great deal for them to be free and untrammelled, so that at short notice they can carry their capital—which is the power to work—to the best market. But supposing, as is suggested, that in the garden city the labouring man should have his house and his plot of land with, as will occur very frequently, a fraction of the purchase-money paid up, then he will be in a degree tied to that particular place. On the other hand, it is plain that subsidiary industries are necessary to those engaged in tilling the soil. At present there is absolutely no prospect of such a rise in prices as will lead to any important increase of wages. Wheat remains cheap, and millers are not at all keen on the home-grown variety. Indeed, the tendency is more and more pronounced in favour of importing flour instead of wheat, and this leads us into a digression not without bearing on rural industries.

On the deserted mill I write personally, because there are no figures obtainable, and my experience can be corroborated by that of many others. My childhood was spent in a house close by a river, and there were within range of an ordinary fishing excursion no fewer than seven water mills in active work, and three more fallen more or less into a state of ruin. The whole of them are stopped now and are rapidly crumbling to bits. Let us see what the effect of this is on the poorer population. The history of one village will speak for all. It is a very old one, as old as the Norman Conquest, and there is at least one house standing in it which seems to have been there in the fifteenth century. Here and there a name is left that recalls its ancient state as a village community. It has its East Field and West Field and its Common, its "balks"—dikes and delvers dug up the balks—all reminiscent of open field cultivation. Not to go so far back as to the time of the manorial system at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there is evidence to show it was a nest of small holders; many of their houses were there when I was a boy, and some remain to this day. Only one such holding is now in existence, but it has every appearance of being typical of the rest.

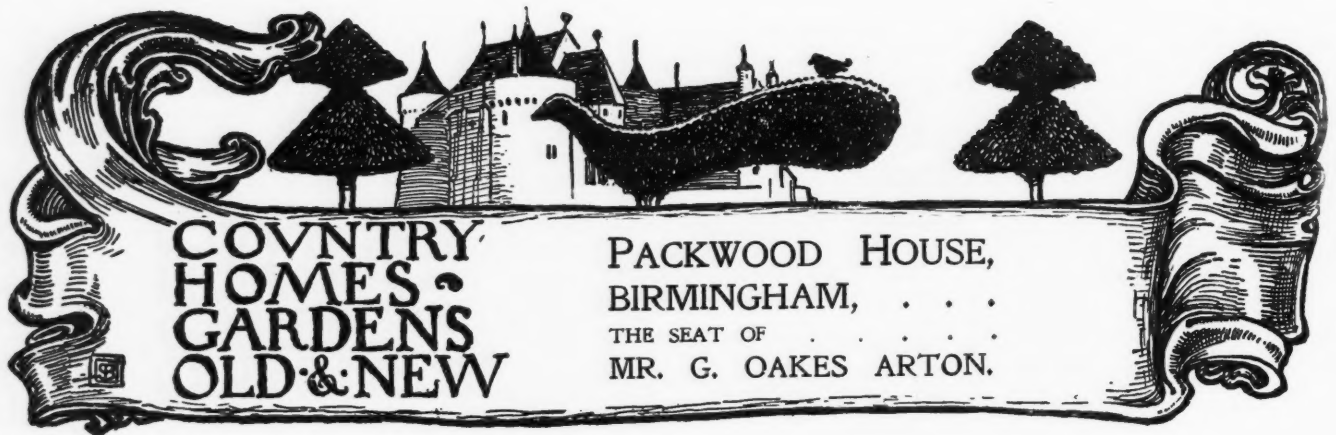
The extent of it is twelve acres, four of good meadow by the river-side, a few hundred yards from the square red-tiled house, four more of arable adjoining, and another four stretching away from the threshold. That, I believe, was the original holding. The present enterprising tenant has picked up an acre here and an acre there, and planted gardens where the houses of his neighbours used to stand, for he has taken to growing fruit and vegetables, and is greedy of more land. How people managed to live on such holdings before was by reason of the common pasture. On what is technically known as waste of the manor the small yeoman pastured his cow and his horse and reared a flock of geese. This made the difference to him between a hard struggle and comfort. His furniture was of the plainest, and his daily fare consisted of oatmeal porridge in the morning, meat, vegetables, and dumpling at midday—he ate the dumpling before the meat, so that he should not arrive at the latter with too ravenous an appetite—and porridge again at night. His drink was home-brewed beer. On market day he jogged to the town with his wife riding pillion, and he carried his corn to the mill in a sack slung over his horse's back—his favourite mill was approached only by bridle-path, showing that this must have been the usual method of carriage. Now this yeoman and the villein of the manorial system represent the only two types of a flourishing English peasantry. Between their times and after their times discomfort and discontent reigned side by side. The Black Death and farming for wool between caused the break up of the old system, the Enclosure Acts of the eighteenth and nine-

teenth centuries ended the yeoman's career. In this particular instance there is no longer an acre of common land; West Field and East Field and the balks are now incorporated in tenant farms. In compensation the villagers were allowed the privilege of renting, on terms that may have been low once, but are high now, certain acres and half-acres in an adjoining field. They still remained moderately comfortable, although it is noteworthy that now began that rural exodus which has gone on ever since. It was the custom to divide the plot of ground into two portions, which were sown alternately with potatoes and barley, both being grown with an eye to the pig which bulked largely in the cottage economy. They sent their corn to be ground at the mill, which was done at no cost beyond that of levying malture, and at the mill they bought bran, pollards, and other offal for mixing with potatoes to fatten the pig. Farm servants were paid largely in oats, which they also had ground at the mill, so that the big "kist" was always full of oatmeal. On certain days the "poker," so-called, perhaps because he carried round the "pokes" or sacks, came with his cart and delivered his batches of flour and raw meal and oatmeal, of bran, and pollards, and what-not. He was a merry soul, and I remember him laughing at some customer's waggish story till the dust from his white floury coat rose like a cloud about him. But, of course, this custom was not in itself large enough to keep the mill going. What did that was the harvest from the large farms. Now, alas! wheat-growing has come to be quite unprofitable, steam mills have been called into existence, and the big wheels of those on the river go round no more. It takes away one more of those "helps" so necessary to the rustic labourer. He first lost his common and his goose, and now he has lost his mill, and it is likely to cost him his pig, while in a darkened sky there is no sign of better times coming.

This is the situation that really has to be faced, and Lady Warwick's conference is called together at a very trying moment. It ought to have the effect of bringing into touch with one another all the various County Councils and other local bodies that are endeavouring to teach or encourage the pursuits of these minor arts, and also help individuals who, in different parts of the country, are engaged in isolated work.

In commending the establishment of these rural industries, it is usual to insist with some emphasis on the example set us by continental countries, such as Switzerland with its watches, France, wherein many toilet articles, such as combs and brushes, are made in the rural districts, Germany, with its Black Forest clocks, and Thuringia with its "Noah's Arks." But what we want is a very searching enquiry into the actual condition of those engaged in these callings, for it has to be remembered that the style of living in England is much higher than it is on the Continent. We eat more meat per head and consume more bread than any other nation in the world, and a Thuringian peasant would regard as comfort what to a British peasant would seem to be semi-starvation. If those who manage our dairies were content with the plain fare, and plainer clothes, of the Danish man or maid, we could produce butter at a price that would compete with theirs. And to be quite frank, that seems to indicate where the great obstacle lies to the establishment of rural industries. Of course, really artistic work in the way of hammered iron, or other of the fancied avocations, may command a very good price indeed, but one is somewhat sceptical of artistic work ever coming in very large quantities from the big-limbed, heavy-handed English rustic, and for work that is not artistic the return is so slight that he will scorn it. Look how difficult it is to induce an ordinary rustic to take a little pains with his fowls, so that he may benefit himself by selling a few eggs. He sees only a few coppers in front, and will not exert himself to earn them. It is the same with the farmer. Show him how he can scoop in his hundreds, or even his fifties, and there is nobody more determined, enterprising, and energetic; but for the "homely half-sovereign" he can never manage to get the steam up. What is true of the master is true in a less degree of the man. Unluckily it has become necessary for both of them to recognise that this is the day of small things. The whacking profits of long ago are not attainable either in farming or any other business. He undoubtedly gets on best who finds nothing too minute for his attention and has no pride. The working people have to be made to realise that the place to begin is at school, and at any rate those delicate arts which require fineness of touch never will be satisfactorily taught to adults, especially when, as is the case, these adults are far more remarkable for clumsy strength than for any other physical characteristic.

Thus, it is a matter of very great importance to call together those who are engaged in the encouragement of minor rural industries, in order that steps may be taken at a very early stage in the life of the rustic to teach him the best use of his hands. Anything that tends to increase his comfort must also help to keep him on the soil, and that, it may be assumed, is the ultimate aim of this and all similar movements.



IN our quest for beautiful gardens, and for the charming houses they adorn, we have sought for many diverse features, merits, and attractions. We have done an ample meed of justice to every style and character of the sweet domestic art of gardenage. There has been no spirit of exclusion in anything we have illustrated or written. Recognising that everything is right when rightly used, we have exemplified a world of admirable things. From the quaint and modest garden of old England, enclosed within its walls and overlooked by its terraces, we have ranged to the great and stately pleasaunces of Le Nôtre, and have passed out into the wider expanses of the pastoral landscapes of Kent and Brown. Not anywhere have we found anything more quaint and beautiful than the old gardens of Packwood House. It is a pleasaunce of terraces and clipped yews, of dials and splendid gates—a true old garden of England.

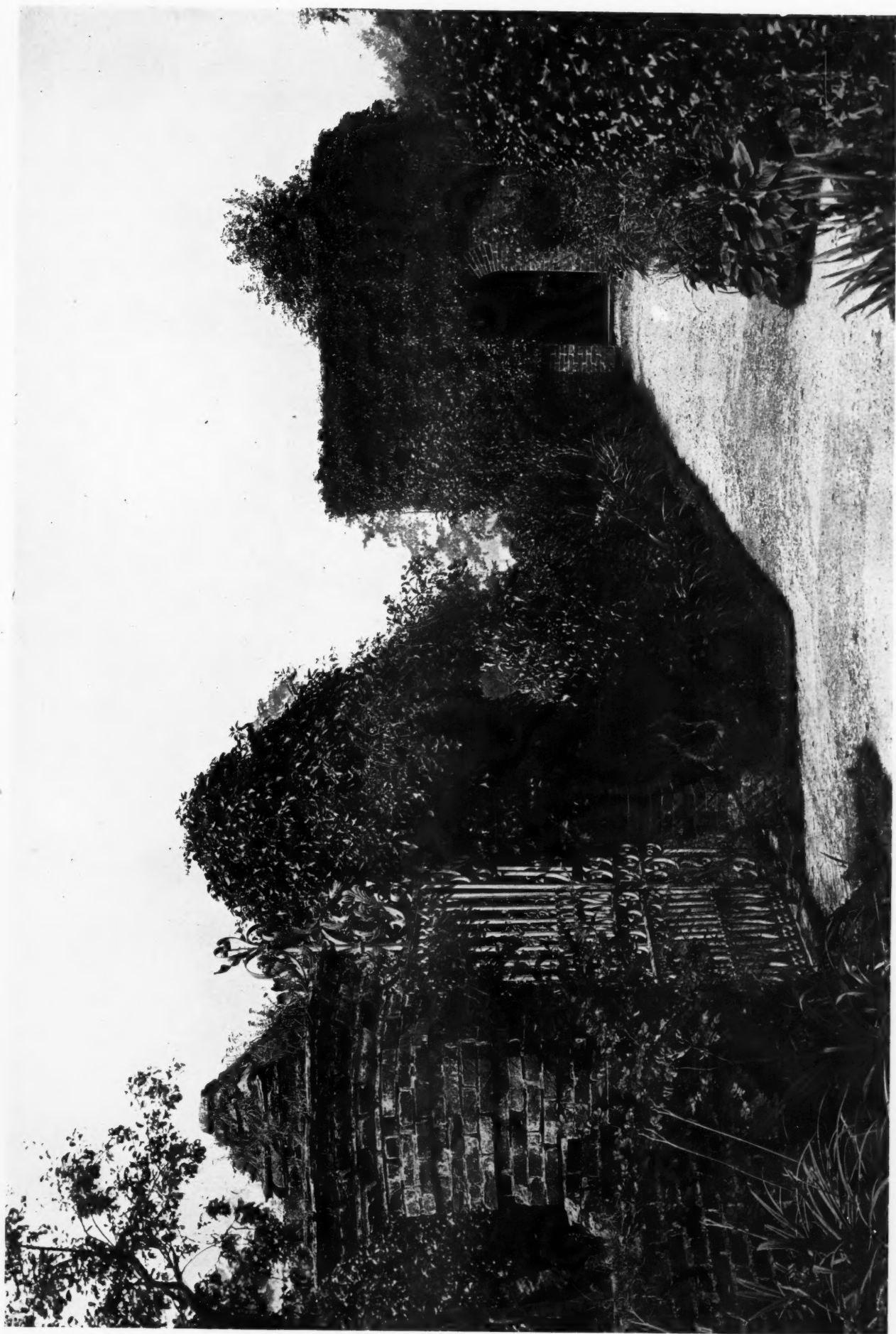
"Then did I see a pleasant paradise
Full of sweet flowers and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not devise;
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful sprights."

It is a garden, indeed, such as Spenser knew, but devised well by man, and informed with individuality and character of its

own. Mr. Robinson, that well-known and persuasive exponent of landscape art, has no quarrel with gardens such as Packwood. Part of his work has been, he says, to preserve much record of their beauty, and the necessary terraces round houses like Haddon "may be and are as beautiful as any garden ever made by man." And when a garden expresses such ideas as are embodied in those quaint shapes at Packwood, with terraces formed of magnificent old brickwork like that, who, indeed, could withhold praise from such a conception consistently maintained?

But, before we describe the Packwood gardens, let us say a little of Packwood House, remembering always that the garden is but the framework of the dwelling-place, and the region in which the dweller therein bends Nature to his will. Mr. Arton's picturesque homestead lies about eight miles west of Kenilworth, and five miles north of Henley in Arden, near the road thence to Birmingham, in a country of venerable forest associated much with the memories of the immortal bard. It was anciently a house of the honourable family of Fetherstone, concerning whom old Dugdale, the veracious historian of Warwickshire, has little to say, though he records the inscriptions on their monuments in the ancient village church of St. Giles. One of these is sacred to the pious memory of John





GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—PACKWOOD HOUSE: THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE OLD CARRIAGE APPROACH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Fetherstone, who died in 1670, at the age of 76, and whose probity, goodness, and ingenious character are extolled; and another records the virtues of his son Thomas Fetherstone, who died at the age of 81, in 1714. This Thomas was a good son, a fond husband, an excellent father, and a man elegant in various studies and sacred exercises, whose liberality built the north aisle of the church to be the resting-place of himself and his

posterity. It is of good brick, but is not well in keeping with the rest of the structure, which is said to have been in part erected in expiation by Nicholas Brome of Baddesley Clinton, who, in a fit of violence, had slain the parish priest there, because, an old gossip has it, he found the cleric "chucking his wife under the chin."

Packwood House is an ancient structure of the half-timbered architecture so common in the forest districts of Warwickshire, now covered with rough-cast, and it has much excellent brick. Its outlines are picturesque, and its features largely belong to Stuart times, there being wainscoted rooms on the ground floor with carved chimney-pieces of good character. The wing on the north of the entrance, containing the domestic offices, is of the splendid brickwork so characteristic of the place, with moulded cornices and several mural sundials. This portion of the structure appears to belong to the reign of William III. or Anne, and to the same date may be ascribed the old brick stables, which are exceedingly interesting, and have very massive oaken stalls and fittings. There is an excellent sundial also on the lawn facing the park front of the house, which bears the date 1660, and the arms of Fetherstone on the gnomon—gules, on a chevron argent, between three ostrich feathers of the second, as many annulets of the first.

The date on the sundial brings us to the date of the garden, which may perhaps



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FINE YEWS.

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THE BRICKWORK TERRACE AT PACKWOOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE MOUNT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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APOSTLES IN YEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

be ascribed to John Fetherstone, who died ten years later, though no doubt his ingenious son, Thomas Fetherstone, being both a builder and a student, took pains that its style and character should be maintained. On the other hand, it is possible that the garden may even be earlier, and that some of its features may belong to Elizabeth's reign. It was one of those places, in the words of William Morris, "well fenced from the outer world," and filled with the quaint spirit of the age, wherein the old English gentleman might say:

"Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude."

"If I am to have a system at all," says the author of "The Flower Garden" (1852), "give me the good old system of terraces and angled walks, the clipped yew hedges, against whose dark and rich verdure the bright old-fashioned flowers glistened in the sun." The garden at Packwood was like that Sir Henry Wotton described, "into which the first access was a high walk like a terrace, from whence might be taken a general view of the whole plot below." It is surrounded by brick walls, on the inside of which are raised terraces, with square summer-houses at the corners, an arrangement analogous to that at neighbouring Kenilworth, as described by Laneham, who wrote an account of the pageants there, 1575. Could anything exceed the charm, in picturesque beauty of form and colour, of this old brickwork? Wherever you turn you find ancient walls, vested with ivy, clinging to them sometimes in too fond an embrace. Grown rank and strong, its huge arms are intertwined with the brickwork, which they have loosened, and in part overthrown, and its very trunks have crept through the walls. Our artist, searching for constructive features, thrust his arm into the dense evergreen growth, and discovered by good fortune a beautiful stone vase, which had been hidden from view for thirty years. Never have we seen more quaintly beautiful garden steps than these ancient ascents at Packwood. They are ingeniously built of wedge-shaped bricks, giving them an unusual curve, like the end of a spoon.

Down the middle of the radiant space below the terrace runs a long pathway, which passes, at its southern end, through a most beautiful wrought iron gate between tall brick piers of remarkably picturesque and beautiful character, and touched with very lovely colour.

The gateway is the entrance to another garden or orchard, and to a world of pious symbolism and wonder. The old Englishman loved to invest his house with something of the spirit of divine things. It might be an inscription merely, or some pious motto lifted aloft against the sky, or, perhaps, the windows, by number, would speak of apostles and evangelists, or the house, by its triple form, might tell of the Trinity. Out into the garden went the same spirit breathing the devout ideas into the green things that grow. We have already seen how, at Cleeve Prior, in this same pleasant region of England, the twelve apostles and the four evangelists are typified or exemplified in magnificent yew. There is no sculpture of sacred figures as human, but merely the symbolism of number and character in the mighty masses of the well-clipped green.



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THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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YEWES BY THE HORSE-POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A CORNER OF THE FORECOURT.

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THE TERRACE STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The creators of the garden at Packwood have gone a step further, and have given us the Sermon on the Mount as a wondrous and moving garden creation. Now the mount was a constant feature in the mediæval garden, but does not appear to have been employed in a manner like this. We shall best describe the green wonderland of Packwood by quoting what Mr. Reginald Blomfield and Mr. F. Inigo Thomas have to say about it, in their book "The Formal Garden in England," where they speak of old topiary triumphs. "The most remarkable instance still exists at Packwood, in Warwickshire," they say, "where the Sermon on the Mount is literally represented in clipped yew. At the entrance to the 'mount,' at the end of the garden, stand four tall yews, 20ft. high, for the four evangelists, and six more on either side for the twelve apostles. At the top of the mount is an arbour formed in a great yew-tree, called the 'pinnacle of the temple,' which was also supposed to represent Christ on the Mount overlooking the evangelists, apostles, and the multitude below; at least, this account of it was given by the old gardener, who was preaching the pinnacle of the temple." The walk to the mount is a gentle ascent, the apostle yews standing as we approach, interspersed with Portugal laurels, and there is much box. It is sometimes called the "multitude walk," because here are trees representing



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OUTSIDE THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the multitude gathered together to hear the preaching of our Lord, and the trees round the base of the mount may stand for the apostles. The mount itself is ascended by a spiral walk between old box trees, and the "tabernacle," or summer-house, of yew is at the top. Descriptions of old gardens speak much of the mounts. Thus Leland, in his account of the pleasure at Wressel Castle, Yorkshire, 1540: "And yn the orchardes were mounts, *opere topiario*, writen about with degrees like the turnings in cokil shelles, to come to the top without payn."

England would be richer if it possessed a greater number of gardens like those of Packwood, speaking of the taste and spirit of former times. Ruthless hands and inevitable decay have worked together in their destruction, but we may hope that ancient Packwood will long remain, with all its significance of the past, and all the quaintness of its picturesque attractiveness. It was, doubtless, in old times a garden of use as well as of beauty and symbolism. There were spaces for the kitchen requirements; while the lady would have her herbs and simples; and there was the constant hum in the summer of the laden honey bees. All along the south side of the terrace wall there are still to be seen thirty small niches for hives, two and two between the piers. A similar arrangement exists at Riddlesden, in Yorkshire, though in this case the cells built in the thickness of the garden walls were for the nesting-places of peacocks. The bee was a welcome guest in our old gardens, and our ancestors were much skilled in the management of hives. The many dials of Packwood have been alluded to. The dial also is an admirable feature in gardens — "the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world," says Charles Lamb.

Before we leave Packwood, let us quote something from Andrew Marvell. His verse will not come in awkwardly while we are thinking of a garden that speaks as with a human voice, and that had its dials and its honey bees.

"Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And till prepared for longer flight
Waves in its plumes the various light.
How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new,
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?"

Perhaps the spirit of an Andrew Marvell was in the creator of these Packwood gardens.



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YOUNG BRETHREN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

At least, the owner thereof felt their human significance, and going out amid his trees could say, like the Duke in "As You Like It," "These are counsellors, that feelingly persuade me what I am." Fortunately the modern Englishman is privileged to see these gardens, for, at due times and seasons, Mr. Arton does not exclude those who would breathe the spirit of their ancient charms, or survey the many beauties by which the grounds of Packwood are distinguished to-day, including a fine park, with a lake, and an abundance of handsome trees.

IN THE GARDEN.

SWEET PEA FLOWERS EARLY.

THE Sweet Pea of late years has risen in public esteem. We always loved the butterfly-like flower of sweet odour, but since so many beautiful shades of colour have appeared, a fashion in Sweet Peas has prevailed, and people want them as early as possible. The following note from a good gardener will therefore be interesting: "For early flowering the seed should be sown in pots 3½ in. in diameter in December. When smaller pots are used the seedlings are almost

certain to become root-bound and stunted before planting-out time arrives. Use good loamy soil three parts and one part well-decomposed manure. Half fill the pots with soil, which must be pressed in firmly, and afterwards sow the seed. It must not be sown too thickly, and leave a good margin for water. Place the pots in a frame and plunge them to the rims in coal ashes or cocoanut fibre refuse, and keep the soil rather dry until the young plants appear. Keep them as cool as possible, for coddling means ruin, and when the lights are drawn off the frame throw a piece of old fish netting over to ward off sparrows. Mice, too, are often troublesome, but these may be easily caught with figure 4 or small steel traps baited with burnt cheese. In January the plants may be given a little liquid manure, and if at all crowded they must be thinned out. The end of February is a good time for planting out, and in the meantime the ground should be well prepared by digging in plenty of well-decayed manure, cow manure for preference—when the soil is light—wood ashes, and roadside parings. Plant in shallow drills, and when growth has advanced a little draw the soil from each side of the drills to the plants to steady them. If the weather is cold when the plants are put out, provide a little shelter by means of small evergreen branches, mulch and stake, and never allow seed-pods to form."

TWO OF THE BEST GAGE PLUMS.

Two Plums should be included in all fruit lists, namely, Denniston's Superb and McLaughlin's Gage, as they are early, bear freely, and are of exceptionally good quality, while the fruit will, if protected from birds, hang on the trees long after it is ripe. Denniston's Superb succeeds in all forms, but the finest fruit is



obtained from a wet wall; it is a small oval shaped Plum of greenish yellow colour, and if allowed to hang until slightly shrivelled is delicious. McLaughlin's Gage is similar to Early Transparent in size, and superior, in our opinion, in flavour. It even fruits freely the second year after planting, whereas most Gage Plums require root pruning to promote fertility. These varieties may also be made note of for pots, a method of culture suitable for Plums.

A GOOSEBERRY FENCE.

The Gooseberry is usually seen as a spreading bush in the kitchen garden, but it is well sometimes to think of the many ways one can use the fruits of the earth, even of so humble but delicious a character as the juicy berry of pie and dessert. In small gardens the utmost use must be made of available space, and one way is to make a fence of the Gooseberry in the kitchen or fruit garden. A Gooseberry hedge gives little trouble, and the fruit supply is prodigious. To obtain a strong fence grow the trees double cordon fashion, and when each has a few leaders, a welcome crop of fruit is obtained the second season. It is unwise to allow a heavy crop during the first year. Choose varieties of strong erect growth, and when they have filled up the required space spur them back each autumn, as then the fruits appear close to the old wood. Aspect is of little moment, but the soil should be deeply dug and manured, and a much of well-decayed manure given to help the trees as much as possible. When the fence is unduly crowded thin out some of the old spurs, and occasionally lay in a new shoot, removing an old one, in this way constantly renewing the tree. It is easy also to protect the fruit from birds when the trees are grown as a fence or against a wall. Select the small-fruited varieties, such as Warrington, as these are of upright growth and delicious flavour.

THE THORNS.

Those who know little of the great world of trees and flowers will be surprised when told that the Thorns form a small army of about 100 species and varieties, many of them picturesque in growth and beautiful when in flower, represented in colourings of white, pink, and scarlet, continued by scarlet, black, and yellow fruits. Thorns grow in almost any aspect and soil, and need little attention until they attain some age, when a free thinning out of the small wood and decaying branches is needful. A heavy dressing of manure when growth shows signs of failing may be recommended also, as the writer does not believe in grafting, and hopes to make as many converts as possible to his way of thinking, so information is given about propagating Thorns by seed. Seeds are obtained by gathering the fruits when ripe and mixing them with sand. Put the mixture of fruits and sand in a heap outdoors in a sheltered place, and cover with a few turves, and by the following spring these fruits will have rotted, when the seeds can be separated and sown. Many of the Thorns can also be propagated by root cuttings; choose for this purpose in autumn or winter vigorous roots as thick as a man's finger. Cut them into 5 in. or 6 in. lengths, cutting the end nearest to the stem flat, and the other slanting, so that either end can be easily distinguished. Insert them upright in the ground with the tops almost covered, when roots are soon formed. The following are the most beautiful species and varieties:

C. Azarolus.—A charming tree about 20 ft. high, with white flower clusters, followed by pale yellow fruits. The leaves are twice the size of those of the Hawthorn, and deeply cut.

C. Carrieri.—A very shapely lawn tree, 12 ft. to 15 ft. high, with large glossy green leaves and pure white flowers, which give place in due season to green pear-shaped fruits, changing gradually to a yellowish red colour.

C. coccinea is the North American Scarlet Thorn, and among the best known of the family. It has several varieties, but the most beautiful is *Corallina*, which is known by its serrated leaves and bright coral-red fruits. The species is a tree about 20 ft. high when fully grown, with white flower clusters and brilliant scarlet fruits.

C. cordata.—This is the Washington Thorn, and is the latest to flower. It is an interesting lawn tree, the flowers white and small, which give place to scarlet fruits reminding one of those of *C. Pyracantha*, the Fiery Thorn of many a suburban villa.

C. Crus-galli.—The popular name for this is Cockspur Thorn; it is a North American species, with glossy leaves and formidable spines, sometimes 4 in. long, hence the word "Cockspur." The flowers are pure white, and the brick-red fruits hang on the tree long after the leaves have fallen. Of the several varieties, *Splendens* is as handsome as any; it is a tree about 25 ft. high, and

fruits and flowers freely. Both are ornamental, the former brilliant scarlet, and the latter pure white.

C. orientalis.—A variety of this Thorn, named *Sanguinea*, has most effective fruits, deep ruby red in colour.

C. Oxycantha.—This, of course, is the common Hawthorn, or May, and needs no description. It has a wide distribution, occurring throughout Europe, in Western Asia, and in North Africa. The weeping form is a good lawn tree. *Laciniata* has deeply cut leaves, and *Oxyphylla* is known by its large white flowers and handsome fruit. *Præcox* is the Glastonbury Thorn, but rarely flowers at Christmas unless the winter is exceptionally mild. *Semperflorens* flowers for a much longer period than the other Thorns. The double white Thorn is very beautiful when in flower, little rosettes of purest white, but few fruits appear in autumn. If on any one Thorn is desired, the double scarlet should be chosen. This is one of the most beautiful of all flowering trees when in full beauty. The flowers of *C. flore-pleno* punicea are pink, of roseo rich rose, and of rubro dull red. A bright-coloured variety is *flore punicea*, which has rich pinkish-coloured flowers, and *Fructo lutea* is recognised in

autumn by its profusion of yellow fruits. We are compelled to give the dry botanical names to enable an intending purchaser to obtain the true tree.

C. pinnatifida.—This Thorn is well known as a good garden tree; it is a native of China and some parts of Central Asia, and will grow to a height of 30 ft. The leaves are about 3 in. in length, somewhat deeply cut, and the flowers are pure white, followed by red fruits. The variety *major* is of altogether larger growth, and is not of striking beauty until it reaches a height of 20 ft. The flowers are white in large corymbs and followed by deep red pear-shaped fruits.

C. Pyracantha is the Fiery Thorn. It is as familiar as almost any Thorn, and at this season is covered with orange-scarlet fruits. Of late years the Fiery Thorn has been largely planted in English gardens, usually against a wall or trellis. Its popularity is not surprising. The tree or shrub, whichever one cares to call it, is evergreen, a dense leafy covering at all times; flower clusters appear in spring, and a wealth of fruit in autumn and through the winter. A bright, comforting shrub

at all times, especially in winter. The variety *Lærandi* is known by its larger and deeper-coloured fruits.

C. tanaetifolia.—This is a handsome Thorn, with woolly, greyish leaves and large white flowers, succeeded by yellow Apple-scented fruits.

HELENIUM PUMILUM.

We have noted this excellent border plant on many occasions. It is irresistible, growing vigorously, and giving its intense yellow flowers in abundance for many months. A correspondent says a group in his border flowered from early June until the end of October, but to obtain these results the soil must be rich. It is, perhaps, best to replant every year, and it is worth some trouble to get this long season of flowers. It is a good plant for cutting also, and in these days, when flowers are desired in the house as well as out of it, any plant of use for this purpose is important. It can be cut with a good length of stem, and is more charming when cut from the much-praised *H. grandicephalum*, which we do not care for.

THE WINTER-FLOWERED JASMINE.

Once again the season of *Jasminum nudiflorum* has come, and we welcome a flower so bright and fragrant in the depth of winter. A patch or a dreary wall expanse is bristling with opened buds in front of a London window, and the plant promises to cover the whole space of bricks with its yellow flowers set thick upon deep green shoots. A pea-soup London fog, a week of cold rains, and a series of frost snaps never obliterate this yellow colouring, though on close examination the flowers are sullied and beyond recovery, but the yellow colour sticks to them. We have gathered a few shoots for the house to fill some tall green glasses. The buds will open well and remain fresh for many days; in truth, we use it all the winter as a flower for the house. No plant is more cheerful in winter than this; its brightness and audacity in daring to flower in fog, in rain, and even in snow, are a seasonable medicine to the grumbler who declares winter has no beauty, but is a time of dreary waiting for the spring.



Miss Alice Hughes,

CHILDREN OF MRS. JAMES YOUNGER.

52, Gower Street.

PLANTS FOR BOLD EFFECTS.

As those who are contemplating border making may value the names of a few things of rich effect, we give the following: Herbaceous Phlox Etna, scarlet; P. Coquelicot, salmon; P. Avalanche, white; P. Le Soleil, pink; Megasea cordifolia and varieties, Iris Darius, I. pallida dalmatica, Gladiolus brechelevis, G. Salmonea, Phlox Drummondii, Sweet Pea Gorgeous, yellow Zinnia, Geranium King of Denmark (salmon), Helianthemum pumilum, orange African Marigold, pink Hollyhocks, red Hollyhocks, Rudbeckia speciosa, Anchusa italica, white Pink, Calceolaria amplexicaulis, Delphiniums, Funkia grandiflora, Galega officinalis alba, Geranium ibericum platyphyllum, Oenothera Lamarckiana, Lavatera trimestris (the beautiful annual Mallow of pure pink colouring), red Castor Oil, dark-leaved Castor Oil, pink Verbena Ellen Willmott, pale pink Geranium Bridal Bouquet, scarlet Geranium Raspail Improved, scarlet Geranium Mrs. Bartle-man, Eryngium oliverianum (the finest of the Sea Hollies), tall French Margolds, Monarda didyma (scarlet), Dahlia Cochineal, Dahlia Fire King,

Dahlia King of Cactus, the blue Salvia patens, and, of course, Lilies in variety, the white Lilium speciosum album, rubrum, roseum, Henryi, the Tiger Lily (L. tigrinum splendens), L. candidum, L. excelsum, and L. croceum.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROSES.—We should welcome any specially good photographs of Roses, either growing or as cut flowers. If in water they should be in plain glasses, or vases without patterns, and on plain backgrounds. If in the garden they should preferably be without figures or accessories, such as the ironmonger's stock, garden seats, bicycles, or family pets. They should be silver prints, glazed, and not less than half-plate size.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a good man.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WITH very great pleasure I have been dipping into the new "Shakespeare," in three volumes, just issued by George Newnes, Limited. It is for its purpose a delightful book. Such cheap "Shakespeares," especially those in one volume, as I have previously come across have been abhorrent on account of the vile print and paper. This is clear, readable, elegant, and bound in limp lambskin, while the size admits of a volume being conveniently placed in the pocket. The very thin but opaque paper has enabled the publishers to use a large, good type. Another matter to be thankful for is that the text is not overloaded with notes, and no modern essayist has been allowed to offer the too common preamble. The poetry is given "simpliciter," and perhaps this may serve as a timely hint that whereas controversies of the usual kind are continually being raised about the silly "Shakespeare" hypothesis and diverse reading of the text, the poetry itself is in danger of being neglected. Yet the interest of it is continually assuming a new aspect. If we remember the various tides of thought that have swept over England since the day of our greatest poet, and that each has produced its own type of bard, that Puritanism gave us Milton and the Commonwealth its licentious dramatists, that the formal eighteenth century produced Dryden and Pope and Swift, and that the great thinkers of the nineteenth century, accompanied as they were by immense discoveries in science, revolutionised philosophy, it becomes strange to look back on Shakespeare and find what has been lost and what has been gained since his day. Through it all human character remains a fixed quantity, but, broadly speaking, those who lived before and those who lived after Darwin must differently regard nature. Literally and metaphorically, Shakespeare was of the sunrise, we are of the sunset. No poet has more beautifully described dawn, the time when

been called up by the new thought to destroy this fair dream of earth and heaven, and it is asked:

"... and he shall be

"Man her last work who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer.

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against the creed—

"Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the just,
Be blown about the desert dust
Or sealed wail in the iron hills?

"O life as futile, then as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

By his transcendent genius, which seems to have fathomed every doubt, hope, and fear that could come to the heart of man, Shakespeare anticipated this when out of Macbeth's desperation is forced the thought that life is but "a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing," but in his day it could not have been possible to reason as Tennyson does. The change that has taken place is unforgettably described by Matthew Arnold:

"The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy long withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

It is necessary, however, to keep in mind that after all this is only an aspect of poetry, though it cannot fail to be always an extremely interesting one. Shakespeare's exquisite joy in sunlight and moonlight, in landscape, and bird and beast, appeals with undiminished force to every new generation, and we cannot imagine any change of fashion that will kill the delight first felt on being introduced to the magical Forest of Arden and the inhabitants who "flee the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." The necromantic island of Miranda and Prospero and Caliban, the wood wherein Bottom the Weaver played his part with Oberon and Titania, the scenes in which moved Juliet, Jessica, and a hundred other lovers, are as fresh as ever to the young. Indeed, earth holds no pleasure much better than that of escaping to those dream palaces where all that is most beautiful in Nature is reflected with a clearness as of still water. It is as enchanting as to get back to that still older time when the gods themselves were lovers.

"And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleetest of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancin' and fills with delight
The Maenad and the Bassarid.
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid."

P. A. G.

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Or when

"The morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

How joyous, how clear of any sad note is the famous song in "Cymbeline":

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!"

But one of the notes of our own time is a profound melancholy that is not personal but due to "the world's sorrow." Matthew Arnold perhaps gave more eloquent expression to it, but the most famous of Victorian poets has a song that is the opposite and yet the complement of that quoted, a requiem that may appropriately follow this song of waking:

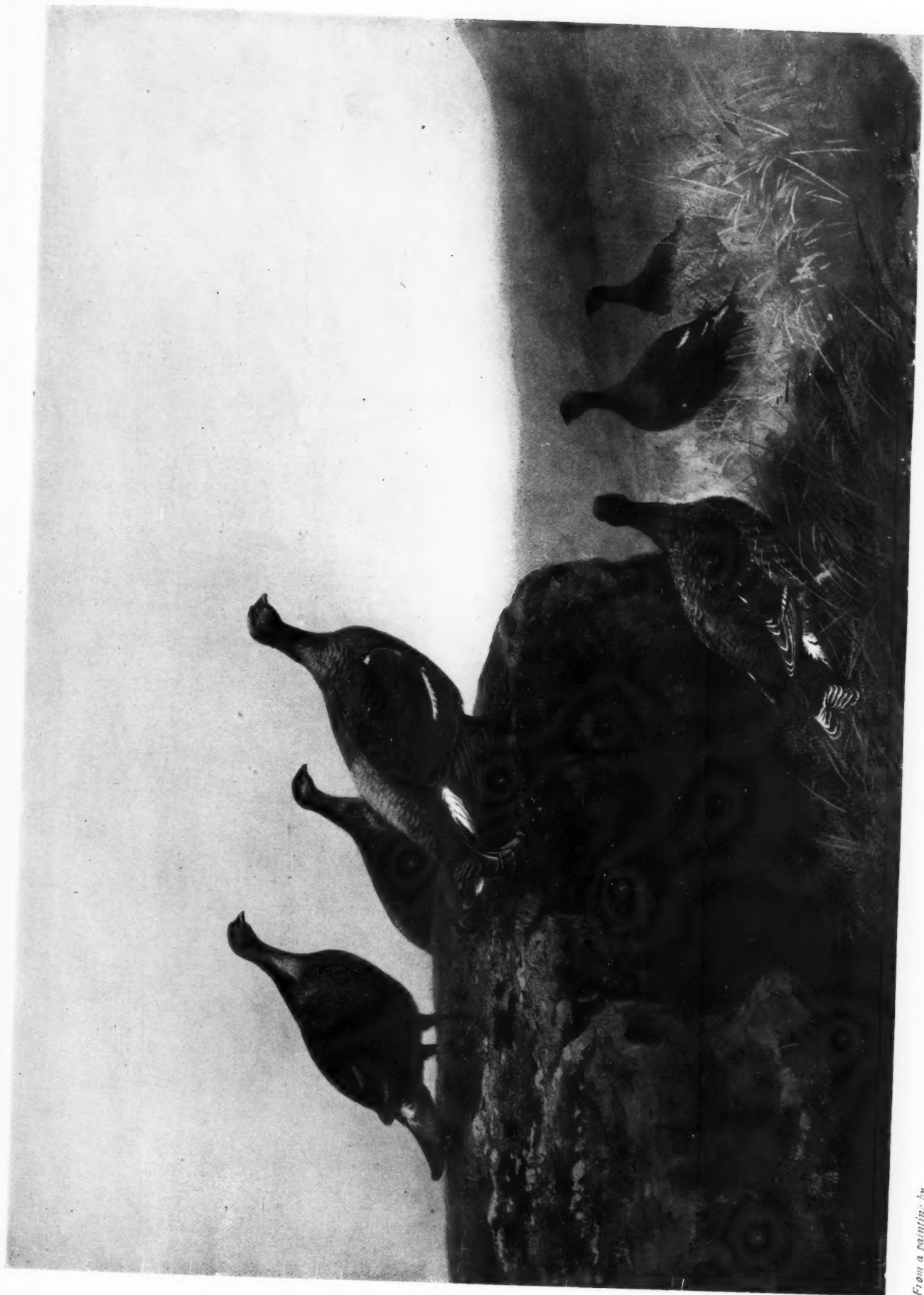
"To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is done
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! all life will sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!"

Of course the weariness of life that tinges these lines belongs to no particular age, and yet it could not at any previous time have been expressed exactly in that way. On this song lies the peculiar melancholy of our age, a melancholy very different, for instance, from that which makes itself felt so poignantly at times in the poetry of George Herbert, particularly in the verses, so soothing in their sadness, like a long, affectionate good-night, which occur in his "Evensong":

"Yet still thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest wearie eyes,
Saying to man, It doth suffice;
Henceforth repose; your work is done."

If we compare two poets so close together in point of time as Wordsworth and his successor to the Laureateship, we find this difference very manifest. The elder poet retains an undisturbed belief. He is sure that our souls "have sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither," and that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." A few years were to pass, and then it seemed as if a thousand monsters had

FAR and away the most sought after book to relieve the monotony of the Christmas holidays—this, by the way, is a conventional phrase; for all hard-worked men the Christmas holidays are entirely delightful—has been *The Autobiography of Sir Harry Smith* (Macmillan). This book, edited with admirable restraint by Mr. G. C. Smith, will no doubt form the text for a more elaborate article in COUNTRY LIFE. For the present let it suffice to say that it deserves more completely perhaps than any book of our time to be described by that much-abused phrase "a human document." Built up out of a diary never meant to be published as it stood, and therefore written with perfect frankness, it would never have been published at all but for the attention which the South African War has attracted to Ladysmith and to Harrismith. The result is, in the first place, the record of a hard-fighting life and of exceptional romance; for Harry Smith won his beautiful wife by rescuing her from the atrocious debauchery which followed upon the victory of Badajos. In India, too, Harry Smith did great deeds, and the record of his achievements in South Africa during two distinct periods, and of the manner in which an ungrateful country requited them, makes the blood course fast with excitement at the outset and



G. E. Lodge.

ON THE MOOR.

From a painting by



J. T. Newman.

A FAMOUS WOODLAND COUNTRY.

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boil with indignation at the end. Smith's idea was that some practised writer of fiction—Charles Lever for choice—should turn his adventures into a novel. And, indeed, in these volumes there is material for a dozen volumes. But a dozen or a hundred could not leave so clear an impression of a strong, blustering, confident, energetic, and vigorous personality as Sir Harry Smith has given us in a diary which is not conceited, only because the straightforward views which it contains were meant for home consumption. Generals who think they have been ill-treated by the Government will do well to study the conduct of Harry Smith when he was recalled by outrageous injustice when he was on the verge of glorious victory. Reputations have been buried in South Africa, particularly when they deserved to be buried, or when their owners have been indiscreet; men of the stamp of Harry Smith or Bartle Frere or Sir William Butler, who have known how to wait, have risen to fame again.

The Shoes of Fortune, by Neil Munro (Isbister), has not been noticed before in COUNTRY LIFE by reason of the forgetfulness of the publishers. (In passing it may be observed that the management of the affairs of this old-established firm is now in new and vigorous hands, which are likely to stifle a trade which owes most of its misfortunes to blind adherence to ancient methods.) Still, even late in the day, it is quite worth while to say that this romance in a Jacobite setting, by one of the strongest and most promising of our young writers, is more than worth reading. As compared with "Gilian the Dreamer," in which the author first showed himself to be of real quality, the present book shows a distinct advance in conception of manly character. Gilian was interesting, but he suffered from a white liver, which the author dissected and analysed with Celtic unconsciousness. Paul Greig is a real man, and those whom he encounters in his adventures at home and abroad are living characters. The only coward in the book is Father Hamilton, a Jesuit; the cowardice apart, Father Hamilton deserves to rank as one of the quaintest and most lovable and many-sided characters in fiction. In a word, Mr. Munro has arrived, not, be it hoped, with the intention of resting on his oars, and still less, be it trusted, with the intention of handing himself over, bound hand and foot, to the literary agents. A word of praise is due to the illustrations of Mr. A. S. Boyd, which show more than common intelligence in study of the text.

It is a useful rule never to be above taking a hint from a brother or sister, as the case may be, in the profession of letters. Once, writing a rhapsody on a Drury Lane pantomime for dear life, between twelve and one in the morning of December 27th, I was sorely puzzled to find a gracious epithet to describe a very large fairy, of whom the spectators were permitted to see a great deal. Mr. Punch, who was not compelled to write in a hurry, solved the difficulty with apparent ease by employing the word "shapely," which I have kept by me for the same purpose ever since. In like fashion, I was at a loss for a phrase to describe *The Snare of the World*, by Hamilton Aidé (Macmillan). A contemporary comes to the rescue with the neat phrase "Mr. Aidé thinks easily in titles." That exactly describes the merits of Mr. Aidé's novels, and of those of Mr. Norris. They breathe the atmosphere of good society naturally, and the contrast between them and those who write of society from the outside is quite wonderful and delightful.

A rapid buyer might easily mistake *Tatty*, by Peter Fraser (Treherne), for a child's book. It has a lightsome blue cover, and a weird picture of a lady with sienna hair and purple robe, regarding what looks like the advertisement of a new writing fluid, on the cover. Really, however, *Tatty* is nothing of the kind, as a sentence from the preface very clearly shows: "How would the elementary sex emotion or instinct present itself to such a mind as Tatty's, and by inference to other minds, allowing, of course, for modifi-

cation by environment and heredity? This emotion (or instinct) is here called paleolithic (*sic*) sex emotion, because it is in the young adult the strongest and (except hunger) the oldest of all the emotions." And so on.

Scenes of Rural Life in Hampshire among the Manors of Bramshot, by the Rev. W. W. Capes (Macmillan), is precisely the book one would expect from a retiring rector, who is able to describe himself as "Sometime reader in ancient history in the University of Oxford." In other words, it is a learned and painstaking monograph upon the history of the parish and district. The titles of the first few chapters indicate the run of the book. They are: "Early Conditions," "The Formation of the Parish," "Manorial Usages," "The Royal Forests," "The Religious Houses," "The Old Order Chances," "The Age of Enclosures."

The Woodlands Orchids, by Frederick Boyle (Macmillan), is a beautifully illustrated volume, giving an account, intensely interesting to collectors, of the formation of the wonderful gathering of orchids made by Mr. Measures at the famous house

at Streatham. It appeals, of course, to a special class only, but by them no doubt it will be highly appreciated.

The half-yearly volume of the *Strand Magazine* lies before me, and I can conceive no more welcome gift for boy or girl. Personally I cannot claim to be either, but I know that the *Strand Magazine* is my regular companion on railway journeys, both for the excellence of the stories it contains and for the wonderful variety of the pieces of interesting matter which are to be found within its covers.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

BY far the best news of the week is the thaw. To jog round a straw ride on a very fresh horse with his back up is a doubtful pleasure. Yet it is a duty if you will not lose all the condition of the past three months. It has alternately thawed and frozen, until the roads are sheets of ice; indeed, two enterprising small boys skated past the front gate yesterday. Last night—December 28th—the moon shone, and the stars had a steely gleam. This morning there is a leaden sky and a driving rain. We can put away our skates, hang up our hockey sticks (a good deal of hockey has been played at Melton during the frost), and consider what horse we will ride on Monday. Market Harborough has turned its attention to the formation of a polo club. Apparently it only wanted someone to suggest it. The idea caught on, and with thirty playing members, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford as president, the success of the club is fairly assured. Mr. P. V. Beatty, of The Lodge, Market Harborough, to whom the credit of the idea of the club is due, and who has done most of the work, is honorary secretary. The honorary treasurer is Mr. Clark, of The Square, Market Harborough, and the honorary manager (until the London polo season calls him to other duties) is Mr. T. F. Dale. Thus it will be seen that the prospects of the new club are good. A suitable ground has been secured.

While I am on these topics, I may remind pony breeders and exhibitors that the annual show of the Polo Pony Society will take place on March 13th and 14th at Islington. This show is not only for polo ponies, but for riding ponies of all breeds, Welsh, Exmoor, Dartmoor, or New Forest.

I am always being struck with the adaptability of the polo pony of the day. The pluck and strength which our 14h. 2in. ponies have nowadays is wonderful. The other day, when hunting with Mr. Fernie's hounds, we came



E. T. Sheaf.

AN EASY STAKE AND BOUND FENCE.

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to a good-sized fence, a ditch, a hedge, a post and rails beyond. Some turned away, others attempted it, one big horse came down. Then came a lady riding a pony sold out of a well-known polo stable, and flew the whole thing as neatly as possible. With a light weight, a polo pony makes an incomparable hunter.

During the frost, I have been looking through two very interesting books which have come into my possession temporarily. These are two volumes of the "Diary of the Second Lord Forester." His father, the first Baron, married the sister of the fifth Duke of Rutland. The first Lord was one of the terrors of Mr. Meynell, "First comes the fox, and then Cecil Forester, and then my hounds." The second, and the writer of the diary, was Master of the Belvoir Hounds after the retirement of the fifth Duke. He was marked out for the post no less by his skill and judgment in the hunting-field than by his relationship to the owners of the Belvoir pack. Taking the hounds before he was thirty, and with Will Goodall the elder as his huntsman, he took his full share in raising the pack to its present position. He was in the habit of writing down the story of his day's sport on his return. Then no hunting correspondents kept a record of the sport from day to day. Nimrod's time was over, and his successor, in the first and second volumes of the *New Sporting Magazine*, tells much of the deficiencies of the hunting hotels and but little about the sport itself. Were it not that Masters like Lord Forester and the late Duke of Beaufort, and huntsmen like Will Goodall and Will Long, had left us voluminous diaries, we should have little means of comparing the present with the past. In 1839 there was a season not unlike the present one, and I looked up the records to see how they fared when the thaw came. Lord Forester himself did not begin hunting until November 21st. The snow still lay about the fields, but on December 10th the hounds met at Weaver's Lodge. This is in the Lincoln-



E. T. Sheaf.

"TOO PREVIOUS."

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managed to keep in touch with them in that rough country, and with the going as it must have been, I do not know.

Two well-known packs of hounds are changing hands. The Lyme Harriers, one of the few packs of old Southern hounds left, will pass into new hands next season. The name of the new Master has not yet been announced. If matters turn out as I expect, it will be a most satisfactory arrangement for this historic pack. The other Master who resigns is Mr. Pease, of the South Oxfordshire. Since Lord Macclesfield gave them up shortly before his death, these hounds have changed Masters rather often. It is a pleasant country to hunt, at all events on the Monday side, when the Three Pigeons still draws a few keen undergraduates, as it did in Lord Macclesfield's day. On the other day—they only hunt twice in the week—they are in a woodland country. I have just received a letter from Shropshire from an old sportsman to say he never remembers a more miserable hunting season. And so say all of us. X.

WILD . . .
COUNTRY . . .
LIFE. . .

SUNDAY STRIFE.

REGULARLY every Sunday morning the gulls worry the plovers exceedingly. On other days the ploughs are busy, whenever the weather serves, and the gulls find long strips of the surface of the ground turned comfortably inside out for them, and their breakfast of worms lying on the top. So they are much too busy, jostling each other in a flickering, clamorous crowd behind each plough, to care what the plovers, thinly sprinkled all over the next field, may be finding. But on Sunday morning, when the plough stands idle, and the horses, enjoying comfortable leisure, loiter their big, good-humoured faces over the gate, the gull has to bestir himself to catch a breakfast. Being a seafaring person, he knows little of the ways of worms on land, but his piratical instincts teach him to be very smart in getting the worms that the plovers have found. So I fear that the Christian sabbath is anything but a day of rest for the plovers, because then they have to find enough worms for the gulls as well as themselves.

THE PIRATE GULL ASHORE.

When frost binds the land and the plough is left unmoved at the end of its overnight furrow, any weekday may be, in this respect, as bad as Sunday for the plovers; and, indeed, you can seldom see a number of plovers in a Norfolk field in winter without two or three gulls among them. You will notice too a wise tendency on the part of the plovers who are looking for worms to draw away from each gull; so that he has to get up every now and then and fly a short distance to where the plovers are more thickly sprinkled over the ground. But you will hardly ever see a gull making any effort to find worms for himself. Even a tame gull in a garden seems to have no idea of foraging on his own account. He will sit meditatively on the lawn, gleaming silver-white in the sunlight, for hours together; but when the gardener begins to dig, the gull is in alert attendance at once, and comments in querulous monosyllables upon the long intervals between worms.



E. T. Sheaf.

THE GORSE COVERT ON THE HILLSIDE.

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shire country, where the riding is stiff and foxes stout. With a fox from Sapperton Little Wood hounds went away at a great pace, and for twenty-three minutes without a check they raced almost straight to Welby. Thence they hunted their fox to ground at the earth above Welbourn. This was a fifteen-mile point in a straight line. Lord Forester gives the hunt with the most careful accuracy, and it would be possible to ride over the line of the run from his account. One thing he omits is to give the time it took. In 1843, December 6th, we find the following entry, which, as the diary was not intended for anyone but himself, may be taken as his opinion: "There was a good run of an hour. Prince Albert rode up to the hounds the whole run and saw it very well." Readers of the Prince's biography will remember the naive astonishment expressed by the Queen at the way this feat added to the Prince's popularity.

After all, some fortunate people did hunt last week. The Holderness had quite a gallop, and in Devonshire the East Devon had a really good hound run. Both these hunts were on Boxing Day, when we were fast imprisoned. The East Devons also had a really fine run in the Axe Vale district of their country on Christmas Eve. They found a fox near Colyton, and rolled him over in thirty-five minutes. Hounds were never off the line. How their followers

DRIVEN TO CRIME.

One is inclined to wonder at first that the gull does not imitate the plover and find food for himself. But it is not idleness or natural depravity which makes him a robber and parasite upon hard-working birds, but simple inability to find worms. A creature of the sea, he has amazingly quick eyesight; but of what use would a sense of hearing acute enough to catch the stirring of an earth worm under the ground be to a bird which hunts silent fish in the never silent sea? Perhaps ashore he envies the plovers, as they take a few quick pattering steps in one direction and stop to listen, then patter off a little way at another angle and listen again, until presently an alarmed worm stirs in the mould and the plover's beak is after it to the hilt. But mere envy would never fill the gull's stomach; so, as soon as the plover's cleverness is on the point of being rewarded, the gull with a scream of menace arrives at the spot, and his keen eyesight leaves him in no instant of doubt as to whether the scared plover has left the worm or taken it with him.

ADAPTATION TO HARD CIRCUMSTANCES.

In the latter case a circling and doubling pursuit takes place all over the field, in which even the amazing agility of the plover never leaves the gull more than a yard or so behind, until the pirate suddenly stops and, alighting, picks up something and eats it. That was the worm. When the ground is hard frozen the plovers and the gulls with them change their haunts from the hard stubbles to the turnip-fields; and in the same way the thrushes and blackbirds leave the lawn, which seems to have been macadamised against them overnight, for the shrubberies and the cabbage bed, or any neglected corners where dead leaves and rubbish have accumulated. And if you watch the birds at work in their new quarters you will see that they have entirely changed their method of seeking food. There is no jumpy little run in this or that direction, no cocking of the alert head to listen for the faint sound of moving worm. Instead, they hop slowly along with beak almost touching the ground and eyes closely scanning every inch of the ground for any scrap that may be eatable alive or dead. Every little heap of rubbish is turned over and over, and no dead leaf is left upon another, in case something that has, or has had, life might be between.

SPECIALISED FINCHES.

In frosty weather one may with certainty expect to find two kinds of finches feeding along the dykes, though not probing about the margins like the snipe. These are goldfinches and greenfinches, and the presence of the former is easily explained by the swathes of fruited thistles that were cut down in September and left where they fell. For the goldfinch is the only bird who makes a regular living, so to speak, out of thistle seeds, as, earlier in the year, he is the only bird that comes to our gardens for the seeds of the blue cornflower. The explanation of this speciality is to be found, no doubt, in the shape of the goldfinch's bill, neatly pointed as an embroidery scissors, and expressly adapted to extracting the seeds of bristly or prickly composite flower-heads. The greenfinches that one disturbs from the dykes do not rise, like the goldfinches, from the thistle-strewn banks, but from the middle of the water where the brown and broken bur-reeds are tangled together. No other birds feed with them, although it is evident from the persistence with which they haunt the dead bur-reeds all day long, that their regular supply of food is found there during certain phases of winter weather. In summer-time we might think that this was only a matter of taste, and that the greenfinches ate a certain class of seed because they liked it, while other birds refrained because they did not. But the grip of winter leaves little birds no room for likes and dislikes in the choice of food. Whatever is wholesome, and much that is not, they will then eat, and be glad to get it; while we can hardly suppose that greenfinches are so exceptionally constituted inside as to be able to feed regularly upon that which would poison other birds. So we are driven to the conclusion that the greenfinches are able to extract from the dead bur-reeds food which other finch-birds cannot get. And in this connection the utility of the more powerful bill of the greenfinch becomes apparent. He is not, in fact, a true finch, but a grossbeak, and his strong bill has the nostrils placed high up, away from the cutting edges of the mandibles. This, of course, shows that the bill is used for cutting deeper into hard substances than those of the true finches. In the greenfinch's nearest relative, the hawfinch, we see a still more powerful cutting bill; but then the hawfinch can crack the kernels of stone fruit.

DIFFERENT-COLOURED LARKS.

A few weeks ago I surmised that a pale biscuit-coloured skylark, which had appeared about the same fields where a white skylark lived during the summer, might be the same bird, having moulted into a tinted suit for winter wear. Since then, however, a cinnamon-coloured skylark has turned up close to the same place, and this would suggest that the white skylark may have produced a family of various shades of light colour. If so, it would be an interesting fact, both as illustrating heredity in colour, and because albinos as a rule do not appear to mate in a wild state. Nor is this surprising, for Darwin's theory of sexual selection is sound, for when the skylark's colouring has been stereotyped by ages of sexual admiration as a tasteful admixture of three shades of brown on every feather, it would certainly come as a shock to a female skylark to be wooed by a wholly white bird. Human beings have the same instinctive dislike for white hair and pink eyes in a sweetheart. Yet some human albinos find wives, so why not a skylark, whose sexual excellence depends more, after all, upon his singing and fighting than his colour? E. K. R.

ON THE GREEN.

THERE is much talk of an international golf match. The idea seems in the fluid stage, and nobody appears to know who started it; but it is in the air. The Royal Liverpool Golf Club has been a great starter of golfing ideas, with a great knack, too, of getting its ideas put into practice. The amateur championship was started by the Royal Liverpool Club. And perhaps the fact that both the open and the amateur championships are to be played at Hoylake this year—a misfortune for the hard-worked green, by the way, for this coincidence of the two greatest events of the year in golf means that it will be tramped over by innumerable feet, besides being beaten about by strokes, each of which will have to be numbered—perhaps this coincidence is responsible for the starting of this hare, which possibly may prove a March and a mad one. Is it quite sure that we want an international match? Is it not rather a pity to accentuate any little international feeling that may exist between the golfers of the two sides of the

Tweed, as this cannot but accentuate it if it takes shape? At present it is very good to see how little there is of this feeling. The Scotsmen have taken Engan's victories in remarkably good part, and all Englishmen, I think, were glad to see Braid, a Scotsman, win last year's championship. Of course this is a point on which everybody will not be agreed. If they were likely to be, it would not be worth mentioning. But putting that aside, and assuming we do know that we want an international match, it still is very doubtful how we are to get it. And do we want it to be an amateur contest only, or is the professional class to come in? And how is the choice to be made? The selection of the representatives would be a cruelly difficult, as well as cruelly invidious, task. But perhaps this could be settled by the result of the championships—of the open championship, if the professionals play, of the amateur, if the international honour is to lie between amateurs. There are questions of qualification, also, which will become insistent. Is the qualification to be by birth, by heritage, or by residence? Mr. Graham's case is illustrative. He is a Scot by birth perhaps (I do not know), by inheritance certainly, yet as a golfer he has learned all he knows (and it is a good deal) in England. On which side will he list himself when the battle is set in array? But the worst crux is the selection, in my humble judgment. And will it be easy to get teams together? Already amateurs find the big competitions engrossing quite enough of their time; already professionals are long enough absent from their places at the clubs where their services are retained. The difficulties are big; of course, no golfer will allow that any difficulties are insuperable.

"Somebody says," I do not know on what authority, that the match between the Universities is to be played on March 18th at Sandwich. Sandwich is sure to be the place—we may take that as fixed—but the time always is a matter of arrangement. Brasenose won the inter-collegiate matches at Oxford, but no very striking golfing faculty came into evidence. Still, Oxford is going to win the Varsity match this year—that seems settled by the critics.

The numerous Boxing Day competitions appear to have gone off without interference by snow except in the North, but nearly everywhere the ground was in that hard frozen state that always seems to favour the dufer and to go to nought the wisdom of handicap committees. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

RACING NOTES.

AS usually happens at this time of the year, racing reforms of all sorts—good, bad, and indifferent—are in the air, and in the air they generally remain, for the very good reason that by the time their initiators and godfathers have succeeded in getting them put before the public the slack, barren time of winter is left behind, and the public are too interested in racing itself to bother about hypothetical reforms. Among other suggestions I recognise an old friend in the proposition that the prices of admission and the general expenses which are incurred by racegoers should be made smaller, and those who support this movement support it strenuously. But the difficulty, to my mind, is to see what benefit would accrue to racing if the general scale of prices were made lower and if a day's racing came, as they say of the competition watches, within the reach of the poorest. One thing is certain, and, as far as I can see, it is the only development which can be counted upon, which is that the number of the "boys" would increase very largely, and that a still greater number of "unemployed" gentlemen would turn their attention to racing as a method of livelihood, with the natural result that the state of our "rings" would become worse even than it is to-day, from which consummation may Heaven, in its great mercy, defend us now and for evermore.

A day's racing at the present moment, even at a suburban meeting, cannot be done under £1, or perhaps £1 5s., and as long as this is so there is hope that race-courses may remain comparatively respectable. The disastrous effects which would result from a cheapening of prices are too horrible to meditate upon, and in this respect our friend the enemy, meaning the railway companies, lend us valuable aid, since they are not likely to lower their exorbitant rates even at the prayer of the most influential, which does not leave much hope for the penurious person who would reap the benefit.

Let none henceforth say that the power of the Press is diminishing, or that, like Mr. Balfour, the people who are held responsible for sporting matters do not read the papers. Already—and this within a few weeks, mark you!—the strenuous and general agitation in which the sporting Press of England have, almost without exception, indulged against the "Open Ditch" has borne some fruit. Not any great amount, I admit; but suggestions by means of newspapers are things which take a long time to reach the destination for which they are intended, and the fact that the open ditch at Kempton Park has been properly banked up under the guard-rail is real encouragement to those of us who have been deploring the death of Hidden Mystery and other good horses. I have also heard—but I am too old to be optimistic—that at the next Sandown meeting people will find that the same precautionary measures have been taken. If this is true, it is the best of news indeed, and if it is not—let us hope for the best.

Everything seemed to point to the melancholy conclusion that the new century is to be a century of burst illusions, from the Bacon-cum-Shakespeare controversy to the "First Steeplechase on Record," the existence of which hard-headed Mr. William Blew, M.A., has ventured to deny, declaring, in a positive and relentless manner that no such race ever occurred, and that Alken was, to use a twentieth century colloquialism, painting through his hat when he perpetrated this celebrated series. This is a blow, and no small one, for has not every hunting man and every racing man believed implicitly in it as a historical event and treasured these engravings above his other smoking-room possessions? And now Mr. Blew, unsympathetic and unbroken, bursting with facts and historical research, gravely relegates the "Moonlight Steeplechase" to the shadowy depths where Mrs. Aris and other apocryphal creatures do mostly congregate, insinuating, as asserting that Alken has been pulling the leg of sportsmen for the last hundred years, and that he evolved these dashing, crashing, devil-may-care officers from the realm of his imagination. Here, indeed, is a chance for the oldest inhabitant or his father, or one of his near relations, to rise in his wrath and restore the faith of a shocked community, who would fain believe, in spite of the inexorable

Mr. Bew, that the race did really take place at Ipswich, though I am reluctantly afraid that in all probability Mr. Blew is right, seeing that during all these years no substantial evidence has been brought forward to prove that the race did take place.

BUCEPHALUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DESTRUCTIVE TRAWLER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You are doing great service by keeping attention directed to the destructiveness of trawlers, and your recent note hits the right nail on the head. The herrings could not, as a matter of course, be possibly injured. Their movements are very well known, since they can be traced by the fishing. After spawning in the far north they return south in an immense shoal, reaching the Shetland Islands early in May. There they break up into shoals and proceed on their way southward, the latest of them being taken off Yarmouth and the neighbouring fishing station, late in autumn and early in winter, after which they get north again. The splendid season closed about six weeks ago sufficiently attests their immunity. But with other species the trawl annually destroys such immense quantities of fish about to spawn that not even the alleged inexhaustibility of the ocean supply can for much longer bear the infinite strain. I was speaking to some East Coast line fishermen not long ago, who said that before trawling came so much into fashion they could go and obtain boatloads of haddocks on certain grounds; there are scarcely any to be obtained now, and it is certain that this comes from the destruction of spawning fish. But I cannot believe that the suggested remedy has any chance of proving efficacious. It is, as you say, that "the ripe female fish taken should have their roe squeezed out into buckets of clean sea-water, and milt from the male squeezed over it. It fertilises instantly, and the whole can then be thrown into the sea." Most true; but who is going to pay the men for taking this trouble? If nobody, then a very little acquaintance with human nature will tell you it will never be done. No; the remedy lies in one of two alternatives. Certain methods of fishing in fresh water have been abolished because they are too destructive, and it would be in accordance with precedent, therefore, to do the same with salt-water systems. That this will be done, however, is not at all likely. Trawlers are mostly owned by companies, and the shareholders belong to the most influential classes. On the other hand, it might be practicable to establish a close time for certain species of fish. What we have done for sport in the cases of fur and feather we may surely do for our ocean food supply in the case of fin. As far as one can see at present, this is the only effectual remedy that can be applied.—G.

SHOT—A BLUE ROBIN!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some years ago I, foolishly (as experience has shown), endeavored to augment the list of our avifauna by turning down in suitable localities such foreign species as appeared to me to be desirable. Among them were a dozen fine healthy specimens of *Silvia silvialis*. By this time they have probably all been shot or catapulted, and perchance the one produced at the recent meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club was the last of them. I confess that I felt inclined to

"... go home a-cryin' and a-sobbin'
When I heard of the death of that poor blue robin."

But what else could I expect? According to Carlyle, the inhabitants of this island are "mostly fools," and therefore one ought to give the majority credit for liability to behave as such.—LANDAFF.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs were taken at Lake Bennet, in British Columbia, by Mr. H. C. Barley, and they show what confidence the wild animal can have in man when the man is not on the warpath. This bear resides close to a logging-camp owned by Mr. King of Victoria, B.C., and is a great chum of the cook of the camp. As soon as the dinner-gong is rung,



"Oom Paul" will put in an appearance regularly, take his "grub," and go back to the woods. He will come close enough to take a bone or piece of cake or pudding from the cook's hand, but will not allow any further familiarity. As an old reader of your paper, I send these to you as an interesting feature of our camp life in the woods.—OSCAR C. BASS.

ANOTHER PARTRIDGE PROBLEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with great interest the correspondence carried on in your columns about the towering of partridges. I therefore hasten to bring up another problem connected with partridges—the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of distinguishing the cock from the hen partridge when in full plumage.



I should be very grateful if you or your readers could tell me any real method, if one exists, of distinguishing the birds by their plumage. I am quite sure that the "horseshoe" on the breast is no real distinction, the hen, especially if old, having it just as often as the cock.—Q. U. REY.

[Correspondents may be induced to add their quota to the discussion of this interesting question. We have noticed among birds a tendency for the aged and barren hen to assume male plumage.—ED.]

ARBOR DAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to direct attention to a matter which *COUNTRY LIFE* at one time kept well to the front, although it has been neglected of late, viz., the imminent prospect of a timber famine in the twentieth century? M. Melard, a well-known French forester, has recently summarised the fact, and when the rate of consumption is contrasted with the supply, it will be seen that he is raising no vain alarm. Of European countries only three are adequately wooded. They are Austria, Hungary, Norway and Sweden, and on them the demand is so enormous that the supply is shrinking—paper, makers and builders being answerable for the chief demand. England produces only a small fraction of what she needs. Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium have all been obliged to begin importing. Spain and Portugal, Italy and Greece, Servia, the Balkans, and Turkey are practically treeless. In America the supplies of the United States and Canada have been recklessly exploited, and cannot hold out for any long time. Science has declared the wood of Equatorial Africa and South America to be of inferior quality, and M. Melard holds that Australia will never produce a vast quantity of timber. These facts go to show that landowners in this country will be well advised to plant their waste places steadily; but there is another way in which we might all help to stave off the evil day. Some years ago in America there was instituted a holiday called Arbor Day, in which children at school were encouraged each to plant a tree. It is a pretty custom. The immortal Tristram Shandy has declared that a man owes three duties to posterity—viz., he should dig a well, beget a child, and plant a tree. There are few who could not at least perform the last to advantage. Nor need the tree planted necessarily be a timber one. It is a well-known fact that the gardens, orchards, and allotments of the poor, when they have trees at all, in nine times out of ten have space taken up with ill-selected or old and mossy rubbish. But if Arbor Day were wisely kept it would not take long to have these replaced with bearing and profitable trees, while a majority of the scholars would probably be content to plant one of the timber varieties. May one hope that you will lend your valuable assistance towards the establishment of a custom at once so pleasing and so useful?—P.

THE VANISHING AMATEUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I could not help being struck very deeply by a recent "Country Note," in which attention was called to the question which centres itself at the present moment round the name of Mr. Maclaren. His case is as open as open can be. He leaves Lancashire because he has got a good berth with Hampshire, and he will play for Hampshire when he returns from Australia. But there are not wanting those who suggested that Mr. Maclaren took the place in order to play for Hampshire, and that if Hampshire created the place in order to find an inducement to Mr. Maclaren, the narrow line dividing the professional from the amateur had been crossed. The only effect produced by this somewhat carping suggestion is to make one think of the whole question and to compel the reflection that in the time-honoured accomplishment of straining at gnats and swallowing camels the English sportsman has no rival. It is from the veiled professional that English sportsmanship stands at the present moment in greatest danger; and the veiled professional is a product of the time. Within my own experience I have seen him develop as an institution out of a club founded

upon purely amateur, sport manlike, and democratic lines. In a little country town, twenty-five years ago, there were the usual number of active schoolboys and undergraduates, absolutely without an opportunity of athletic exercise on land. They formed a football club into which they admitted Tom, Dick, and Harry as freely as Sir Thomas, Sir Richard, and Sir Henry. At the original meeting one young snob observed that the line of membership should be drawn somewhere, upon which a witty Irishman suggested that it might be drawn at the coal-heaver. The club, of which I was an original member, hired a ground at its own charges, and at the outset never so much as dreamt of gate-money, and for a while it had great sport. Then, gradually, the flattering interest of spectators became oppressive, and gate-money was imposed for self-defence. With that gate-money something had to be done, and it was applied firstly to providing the rent of the ground, then occasionally to charities, and at last there came the practice of paying the expenses, first of some players, then of all players, on the occasion of foreign matches—of which the rapid result was that most of the original members left the club long before age compelled them to give up football. The class of the players and the tone of the play had grown ever so much worse, although the character of the play, regarded merely from the scoring point of view, had improved very much. And now from that little club quite a large proportion of the best professional football players of the day are recruited. It lies in the far parts of Wales, but its best representatives disappear year after year to the Midlands, where they become, for all practical purposes, simple gladiators. A similar influence is at work upon a somewhat larger scale in the world of cricket. I can follow easily, from my memory of many cases, the career of the boy who in due course develops into the spurious professional. At school, most likely, he is relieved from superannuation, because he stands a good chance of making runs or of getting wickets in the great inter-school match when he grows older. He knows very well that at Oxford or at Cambridge there are colleges where the possession of a blue cap carries more weight than a certificate that he has satisfied the examiners. Then, when he goes down—without a degree for the most part—he finds that he is fit for no occupation, that he wants to play cricket, only cannot afford it, and that the public is quite willing to pay for the privilege of seeing him play. He has not, however, as a rule, the pluck to say that he is paid, and to accept his honest wages he allows the word "expenses" to cover him as a disguise. To all intents and purposes he is a far worse institution than the professional cricketer, and, if he makes an exhibition of himself, also serves a useful purpose by teaching the game at public schools and on club grounds. The pseudo-amateur, in fact, is simply an excellent acrobat in a thin disguise, and he points to the existence of a real national danger. Personally, I am one of those who believe—not in a literal sense, of course—that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but it was won not by the "smugs" of spectators, but by the men who actually played hard and skilful games as boys. We cannot gain resource, hardness of character, and vigour of limb by proxy; we cannot afford, as a nation, to allow so large a proportion of our young men to live for cricket and by cricket, and be fit for nothing in life when their muscles grow stiff. And it is because we wink at veiled professionalism that this evil is rampant. My excuse for troubling you on this matter at such length is that COUNTRY LIFE seems to me to be emphatically the best organ of public opinion to which to confide a reflection which has troubled my mind ever since, being fairly proficient at most games, I was compelled either to relinquish them in order to earn a livelihood, or to be content to earn a livelihood in a false character. This perhaps makes my feelings on the subject more bitter; so bitter, indeed, that I confess I should dearly like to see every pseudo-amateur ruthlessly exposed and strictly dealt with.—IMPECUNIOUS AMATEUR.

TYPES OF COUNTRY PEOPLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Amongst your studies of old types of country people I have not seen an old pair. This old couple were the Darby and Joan of Tenby Harbour, and their picture has been in the Academy.—N. BROUGHTON.



AN OLD OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of the trunk of an old oak tree on my tennis ground, which is supposed to be about 1,000 years old. It is 30ft. in circumference up to 6ft. from the ground. The trunk is quite round, and the tree is in full vigour and well furnished with fine limbs and foliage. ARTHUR H. SYKES.

SOWING CHESTNUT SEED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers give me any information as to sowing chestnuts for a permanent plantation—when the nuts should be put in, at what depth and distances apart, and where they may be obtained?—J. BONHAM CARTER.

[Chestnuts should be planted as soon as possible after they are ripe, or if it is necessary to keep them until the spring they must be buried in sand until the time for sowing. The most suitable depth to plant them is to allow 2in. of soil over the top of the nut. With regard to the distance to be allowed between them, several things must be taken into consideration. Faulty nuts, and their chances of being destroyed, must be taken into account, while in very exposed situations it has been advised to sow in alternate drills, some quick-growing subject such as the ash being sown between, and removed as soon as the chestnuts have obtained a good start. If sown by themselves, drills 4ft. apart is the best distance, as the young plants will then serve to protect one another, and they can be thinned out when necessary. A distance of 6in. between the nuts in the rows will allow plenty of margin for replacing any failures. Any hardy tree and shrub nurseryman will supply the nuts, as from such a source they will have been kept in good condition. Though the above is the way to sow chestnuts in order to form a permanent plantation, it by no means follows that sowing the seed where it is to stand is preferable to planting young trees. A good deal of controversy has from time to time taken place on the subject, the theory being certainly in favour of sowing; but the supporters of planting say that mice, rooks, squirrels, etc., often play great havoc with the seed, which could be protected in a nursery, but in the open ground this would be impossible; while it has been contended that small transplanted trees, if well furnished with roots and carefully planted, will make more headway than those sown where they are to remain.—ED.]

ORCHIDS FOR A COOL GREENHOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you give me the names of some orchids suitable for growing in a cool place? Also a good, simple book on orchid growing.—M. J. CRAVEN.

[Many of the finest species of orchids are suitable for growing in a cool house, that is to say, in one where an even temperature of about 50deg. can be maintained during the winter, and from which in extreme cold weather frost can be safely excluded. We append a list suitable for the conditions mentioned above, and if you have facilities for providing 5deg. to 10deg. warmer temperature, we shall be able to make a larger selection. All the orchids named may be procured for a few shillings. *Ada aurantiaca* has bright orange-scarlet flowers, which are produced in the spring. It does well in the cold house, treated in the same way as *Odontoglossum crispum*. *Cochlidium rosea* and *C. naxian* have racemes of rose and scarlet flowers, produced in the spring and autumn. *Cymbidium lowianum*, green and purple racemes, produced in the spring and summer. *Cypripedium insigne* in its numerous varieties, *C. leeanum*, *C. nitens*, *C. villosum*, *C. Boxallii*, *C. bellatulum*, *C. Charlesworthii*, *Disa grandiflora*, and the numerous hybrids that have been derived from the influence of that species as one of the parents, *Masdevallia Veitchii*, *M. ignea*. The numerous varieties that comprise the *M. harryana* section, and the various hybrids derived from the intercrossing of this, the showy section of *Masdevallias*. There are some hundreds of species of *Masdevallias* which do well in the cool house in addition to those mentioned, and they are botanically interesting. Procure imported plants of *Odontoglossum crispum*; it is one of the finest orchids in cultivation. If imported plants are procured, there is always the possibility of a valuable variety occurring amongst them, and they are very interesting plants to watch during development and up to the flowering period. *O. Edwardii*, *O. gloriosum*, *O. Haalii*, *O. Pescatorei*, *O. luteo-purpureum*, *O. Rossii majus*, *O. triumphans*, and the various intermediate varieties, are all worthy of recognition, and grow well in the cool house. *Oncidium macranthum*, *O. incurvum*, *O. ornithorrhynchum*, *O. tigrinum*, and the various members of the *O. superbiens* section, are worthy of every consideration. *Sophranitis grandiflora* is a most useful winter-flowering orchid; it does well in the cold house, and lasts a long time in perfection. "Orchids," by Mr. H. A. Burberry, will provide you with the necessary instruction required for their culture. It can be procured through your bookseller.—ED.]